KNAVE

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AND

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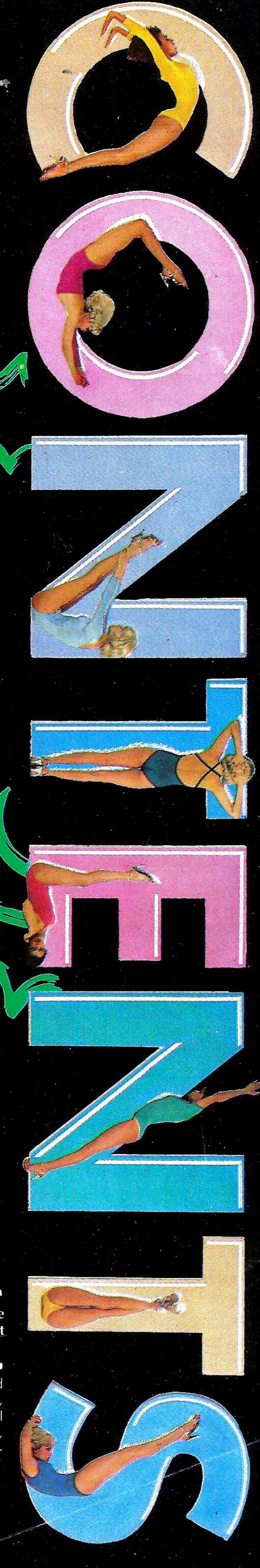

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Anyway, just at that moment I noticed a bloke with a white beard and a red dressing gown having a wank in the fireplace. Avoiding the reindeer that was trying to chat up the hatstand in the hall, I quickly rushed to get my polaroid. This was too good to miss!

When I returned I found Nick — the bloke in the dressing gown — giving the wife a right charvering with his yule log, with which she seemed

most pleased.

The robin and the reindeer having had a row and left for another party, I was left with the turkey, a particularly attractive one at that.
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umpy, she didn't half thaw out. There was this weird plastic bag full of rubber balloons when I went down on her, but all in all I must admit it was quite an experience.

Has anyone else had an experience like this? — *I.P., London.*

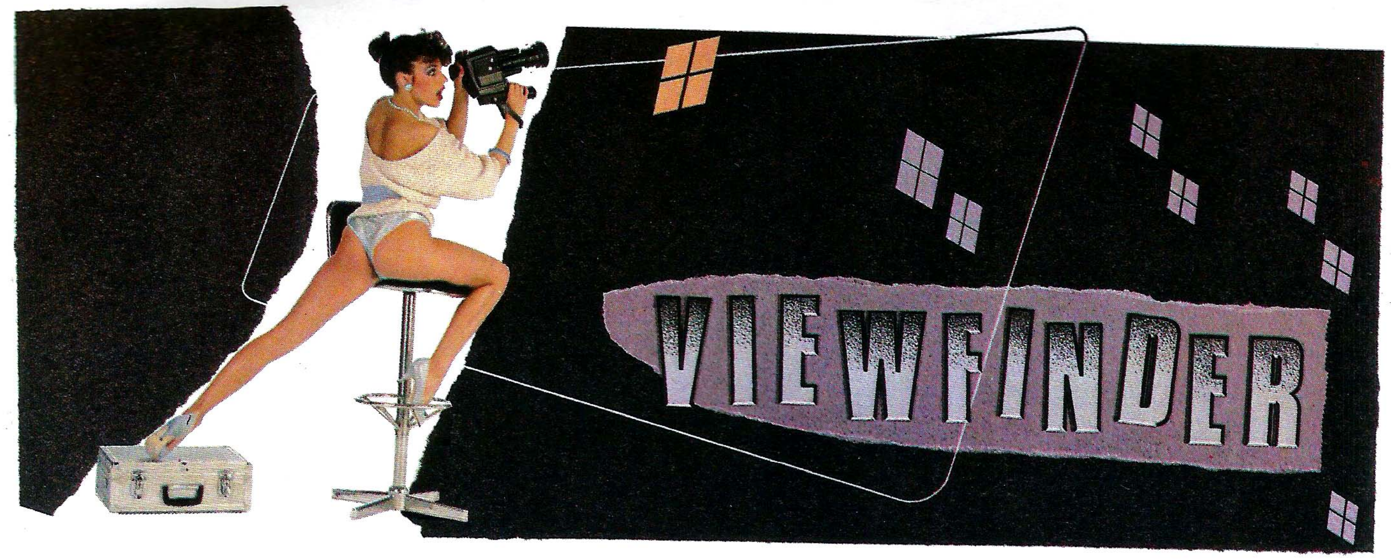
RUTH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY K.K.JONES

Can't say that our Ruth was overly impressed by this little shoot. On her last two appearances (Knaves 16/2 and 17/1) she copped for a box of chocs. This time . . . a carrot. That's the way it goes, kid — sorry about the snow job.

Ruth is genuinely one of the very nicest ladies on the glamour-go-round; quiet to the point of shyness but with a wicked sense of humour when least expected. She don't say all that much, but what she says is sharp and straight to the point.

So, having successfully avoided jokes about her sense of humour sleighing you, it only remains for us to commend her to your favourite fantasy. Ruth won't mind, as long as you don't get too carried away. Don't let reality intrude . . .



VIEWFINDER

BOOKS

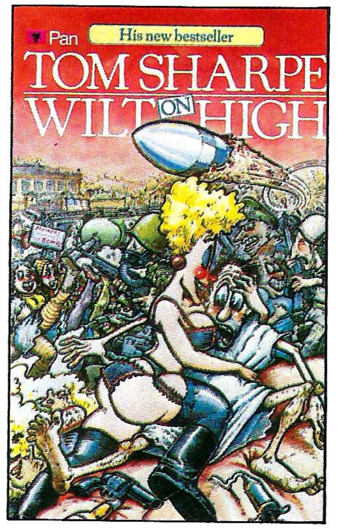
To begin with, a moment of hushed silence. M.J. Druitt is dead. But he went the way he would have wanted to go, crushed beneath a toppling pile of books to be reviewed. Whether it was a sudden gust of wind that tipped the pile, or whether (as certain slandermongers have already begun to allege) it was a suicide, brought on by an inability to cope with the ever increasing mounds of literature that grew, day by day, on his desk, no-one will ever know for certain. But his tombstone says it all: 'A gentleman and a book-reviewer lies under this stone/ God valued Druitt's artistic faculties so much he took them for his own.' Carved atop the headstone are two eyes. Wide open. Incidentally, no attention should be given to the foul rumour that Druitt is not only alive and well, but is living in Clapton with Miss Fifi 'Hotlegs' Zazoom, (Bluebell Girls 1933-1946).

Picking from the pile that put paid to the previous incumbent, let us start with what is possibly the best book to pass this way in a long while. It is, however, decidedly *not* for the fainthearted, the squeamish, or those who blanch easily. It is Clive Barker's tour de force, **The Damnation Game** *(Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £8.95),* a Faustian journey into some of the nastiest places it is possible to go. Marty Strauss is an ex-con, paroled into the custody of Whitehead, one of the richest men in Europe. He has everything he wants — money, luxury, and the love of Carys, Whitehead's beautiful daughter.

But then an enemy appears, to turn Marty's world on its head: Mamoulian, the mephistophelian Last European, a man who has power over the dead. Then slowly, and delicately as a surgeon cutting a throat, Barker builds up the tension and the terror. The dead are walking; all's wrong with the world. The characters are unforgettable, from millionaire Whitehead to the late (but not yet buried) Anthony Breer, Last of the Razor-Eaters, a cannibal, a sicko child-murderer, a zombie, and in some ways the most sympathetic character in the book. Barker imbues everything he does with a dark poetry, bleak and beautiful. I don't know what his nightmares are like, but I'm glad it's him that's having them, and not me.

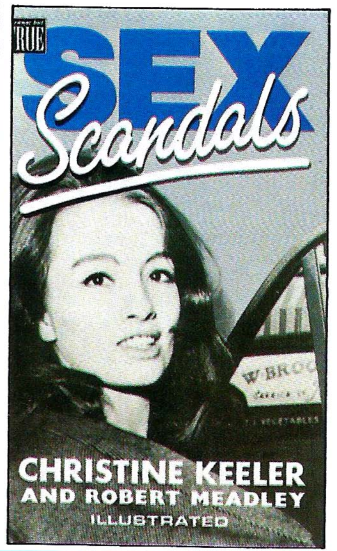
Starlust *(Comet, £4.95)* by Fred and Judy Vermorel is compulsive, hilarious, voyeuristic reading. Subtitled 'The Secret Fantasies of Fans', it is a compilation of interviews, telephone calls, fan mail and such from non fans. There are things to be learned: that Barry Manilow fans are the people you always knew they were ("I think he's the second coming") teenyboppers are sad and knowing, Bowie fans are bizarre voidoids, lost in their cybernetic, science fiction worlds. And more: that when these kids start fantasizing about their idols, the juices flow in detail and the imaginings are doubtless better than the real thing could ever be. The only false note, as the strange and the longing condemn themselves out of their own mouths, is struck at the end by the editors, belabouring points made with far more wit and economy by the happy exploited, as they worship Boy George or whoever tomorrow's face is going to be. Weirdos all. Now where did I leave my Tina Turner picture?

When Tom Sharpe is good he's better than good, and when he's bad he's still funnier than most 'humour' currently published. And, after a trough, he's back on form with **Wilt On High** *(Pan, £2.50).* Hero, unassuming Henry Wilt, harrassed lecturer is up to his ears in the Eighties, as he bumbles into a drug-smuggling conspiracy, police surveillance bugs, an American missile base, and a herbal preparation which, when snuck into his home-brew by his wife, gives him an erection that not only makes its presence felt, but refuses to go away. If a trifle frantic at times, ***Wilt On High*** is still amazingly funny, and is a must for train journeys, car chases and the like.

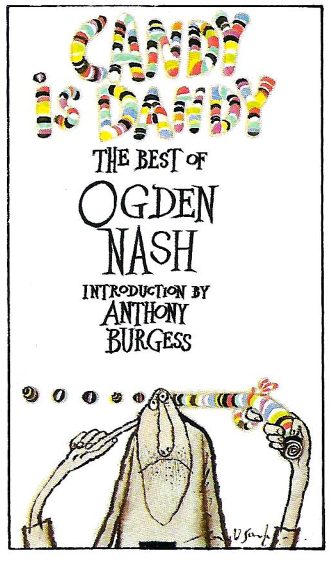


Lascivious Scenes *(Star, £2.25)* is slightly superior to **Pleasure-Bound Ashore** *(Star, £2.25)* both by the prolific Anonymous. ***Lascivious Scenes*** tells of naughty goings on in a nunnery, when a lusty young gardner's boy lets rip. Slightly expanded on the version in the Decameron, it's competent, readable, and left me feeling vaguely horny. ***Pleasure-Bound Ashore***, on the other hand, is an unbelievable, awfully written, boring book. Half-way through I discovered that the book had ended, and the publishers had gunged in forty pages from *Maudie*, a previous Star book, to bulk it out. If I had paid for it, I would have demanded my money back. With menaces, if necessary. Avoid as you would an attack of boils.

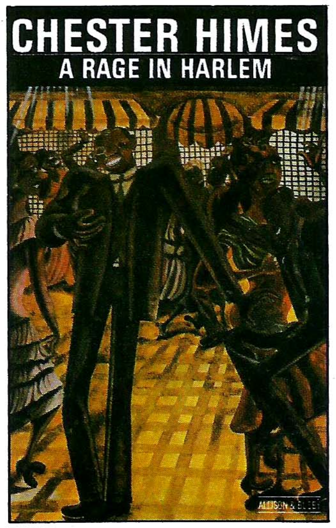
Sex Scandals *(Xanadu, £4.95)* is bylined as 'by Christine Keeler and Robert Meadley'. Keeler contributes twelve pages of crudely scrawled maundering about the Profumo affair. Meadley (judging from the writing, which becomes readable) wrote the rest, and intriguing it is too: From the case of The Cult of the Clitoris to the complete tale of Joyce McKinney (you remember — skiing down Everest with a rose up her nose) and others; it's well researched, amusing, and a warning of sorts. All the injustices and hypocrisies turned up in the book, like vermin from under a rock, are still around today. And going strong.



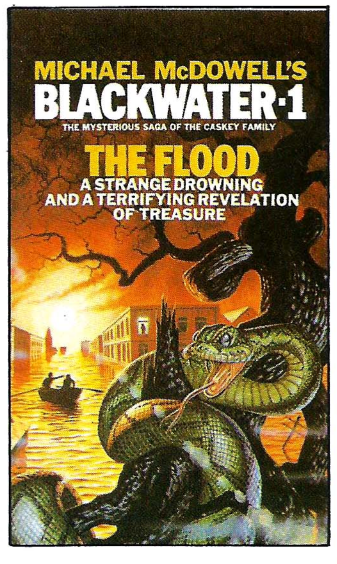
That Ogden Nash was purely and simply the most original voice of Twentieth Century Poetry, is amply proved by Anthony Burgess' introduction to **Candy is Dandy — The Best of Ogden Nash** *(Methuen, £4.95),* which reads more like McGonnagal on a bad night then the inimitable Nash. Wonderful, uplifting bizarre, and unmistakeable. Unfortunately there is one drawback to this book: I keep trying to read things aloud to family, friends, milkmen, bill-collectors and anyone who'll stay still long enough. I could lose a lot of friends this way.



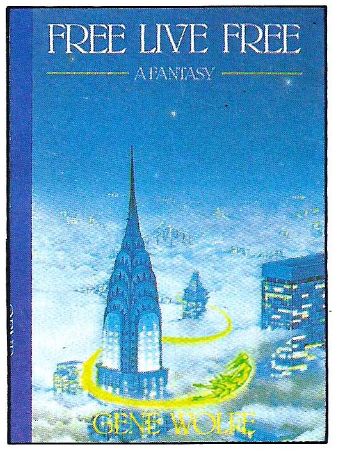
The thrillers of Chester Himes are like nothing else. They paint a portrait of a black Harlem of the Fifties, where whites weren't welcome, and where the world is both like and unlike our own. Part crime and detective novels, part sociological document (if those last three words are likely to put you off reading them, I didn't say 'em, okay?). In **A Rage In Harlem** a crook sets out to outcon the crooks who conned his innocent brother. The crook earns his living in drag, as a nun, selling tickets to Heaven to the dying. In **The Real Cool Killers** *(each Alison & Busby, £3.95)* we meet a street gang — the Moslems, and a young guy named Sonny, who apparently just shot a white sadist to death with a gun that only fires blanks. The book star Himes' two black detectives, Coffin Ed and Grave Digger Jones, mean mothas who ask questions last, and shoot first, fast and a lot.



The book is called 'Blackwater', and it's being published in bits. Bits one and two are respectively **The Flood** and **The Levee** *(each Corgi, £1.75).* Michael McDowell's strange story, part historical, part love story, part horror tale, unfolds gradually, from the strange moment when Oscar Caskey rescues the highly mysterious Elinor Dammert from a flooded town. Soon Elinor is revealed to be some kind of monster — but a far more sympathetic character than her mother in law, Mary-Love Caskey, all too human, all to unpleasant. Personally I can't wait to see what happens next. It's like an Alabama 'Dallas' with a water-vampire as J.R., set sixty years ago. Compulsive. The third in the series is ***The House***, out about the time you read this.



And finishing with a final hardback, **Free Live Free** *(Gollancz, £9.95)* is a stunning fantasy by Gene Wolfe. An urban myth of a book, it follows four misfits (a peeping salesman with a glass eye; a short, seedy private eye; an overweight hooker named Candy; and the mysterious witch, Madame Serpentina, gypsy fake and owner of real magic) in their search for the owner of the house they lived in for a few days before it was knocked down. The elusive Ben Free, and the equally elusive High Country he comes from, mean that things start happening to the four ill-assorted musketeers that make them realise they are moving in high circles. Very high circles. A detective novel, a conspiracy book, science fiction, magic, urban surrealism, and more. If you enjoyed last year's ***Winter's Tale***, you'll enjoy this. And if you never read ***Winter's Tale*** (Mark Helprin, *Arena*) get ***Free Live Free*** anyway.



There. I lived through my first book review column for Knave without mishap. That's funny, I'm sure that pile of books wasn't that size the last time I looked. Maybe they're breeding when I turn my back . . .

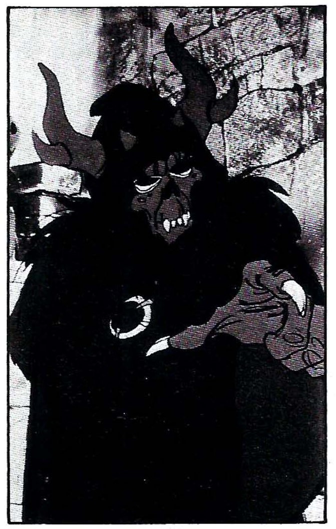
W.C. Gull

FILMS

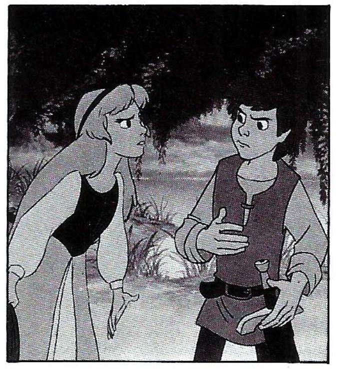
For the old-time Hollywood producer, the best movie stories were the simple ones. Boy meets girl; boy loses girl; boy finds girl; they live happily ever after. Then came "the pill" and sexual permissiveness. A new line in stories developed. "Boy and girl meet; boy and girl screw; boy and girl forget about each other; they live unhappily ever after." Now there's a new, feminist, version. "Girl screws boy, girl gets his job; boy learns to wash nappies; she lives happily ever after."

The Walt Disney Studio still believes in innocence. That belief inspires its new cartoon epic, **The Black Cauldron**. It's sword-and-sorcery, and pretty vivid, but keeps harking back to being a fairy story, which is a slightly different thing, and more traditional.

Its hero is a young lad with eyes as big as Bambi's and a mind as nice as Mickey Mouse's. His mission is to stop the Horned King from getting hold of the kitchen pot which can bring armies of evil skeletons back to life. To help him, our hero has a magic pink pig called Hen and a magic pink sword and lots of instant devotion from the various 'little people' whom he meets along the way.



I was intrigued, yet disappointed, to see the film fall back on all Ye Olde Disney ideas. Here be cheery pigs, ugly crones, water fairies, and sketchy little pixies more like old cartoon comedy types than the elaborate creations of ***Star Wars*** or ***Dune***. There is one nice touch of up-date. In Ye Olde Fairy Tale, the lad would have been called a poor swineherd; now he has to be called an Assistant Pig Keeper.



Sex scarcely rears its ugly head. The hero doesn't think of kissing his Princess until a friend knocks their heads together. The only touch of cheesecake occurs when an aged minstrel, who's been changed into a jumping frog, gets squeezed between the swelling bosoms of an aged nympho crone.

My tip: be sure to send the children, at least if they won't be scared by swarming skeletons and suchlike. And take them yourself so long as you're in the mood to be a child again, sitting at Uncle Walt's knee . . .

A quite different kettle of romance is a film entitled ***Dim Sum***. Not the most alluring of titles, unless your Chinese is up to knowing that it also means 'A Little Bit of Heart.' It's very much a woman's film, a quiet tear-jerker about a Chinese family living in San Francisco. Mother is a widow pushing sixty, daughter is an independent woman pushing forty. They live quietly, and rather sadly, together, and look like living lonely ever after, because they can't make up their minds whether to be Chinese about family or American about living their own lives. It's filmed in a quiet, dry, style, with lots of cut-ins of nothing-happening scenes, like a beautiful sunset or an unused sewing-machine. Personally I prefer the old Hollywood energy, with actions, decisions and reasons all bouncing off each other. Whereas this much delicacy is a bit like looking at life through the wrong end of a telescope. No doubt it's all

down to Oriental tact. My favourite character was the canny old bartender who's got both worlds well worked out, and keeps trying to bustle these hanging-back women along. My tip: send the wife to see it. Or take her yourself, if she's Chinese . . .

A portion of porn is on this month's menu. But it's not exactly piping hot. Despite the title, the real stars of ***Hot and Naked*** are Maurice Bataille's stunt-driver circus. Their two or three tricks are shown over and over, but really are amazing. We see cars in paired formation doing 6 or 7 somersaults. We see cars tilted onto two side wheels but steering in neat S-shaped lines. We see acrobats set ladders up on those leaning-over cars and do handstands at the top of them.

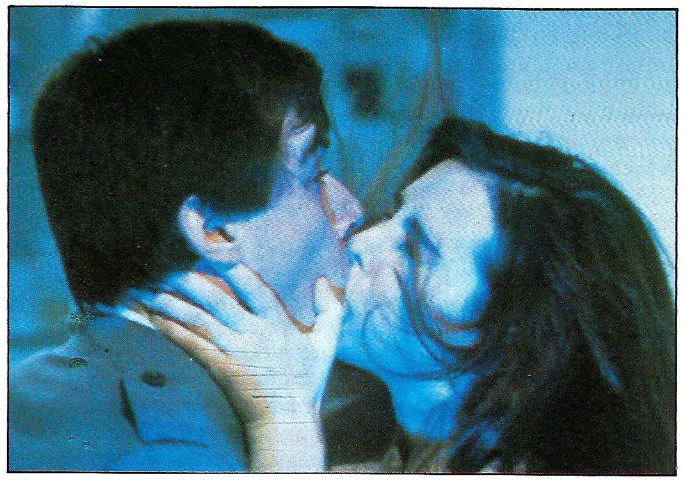
As for the sexy side of things, there's a fine-looking blonde heroine, and some bouncey bedscapes. All the usual soft-core bits of behaviour and pieces of anatomy are proudly on parade. Actually, for a split second, I tawt I taw a fragment of cock showing a little more interest in the proceedings than usual, beside a backward-hanging ball. Oh dear, oh lor. But perhaps my beady old eyes deceived me, for it was gone in a flash. Which is more than you can say for the corny story.

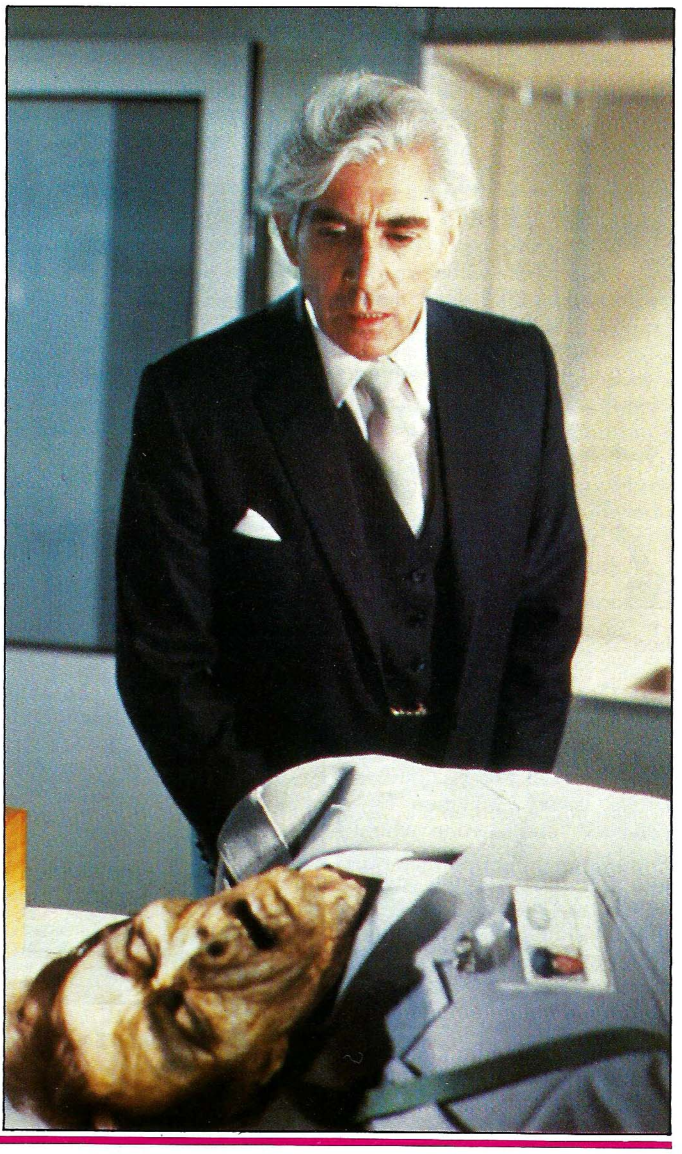
Eddie Hartley

A mixed bag of movies this month, but all of them have one thing in common: a strong female presence. Whether that's good or bad, however, remains to be seen . . .

In ***Lifeforce*** it's good. In fact it is probably the best thing about the film. Astronauts bring lovely lady psychic vampire back with them from outer space, and before you can say 'Garlic' she has drained the life from a guard and is running round London unclothed, unleashing pyrotechnic soul-stealing effects at anyone who so much as moves.

The film is an enjoyable piece of fluff — everyone involved should take a credit for extracting a watchable, if old-fashioned, film from Colin Wilson's tedious book. Frank Finlay delivers his lines as if asleep, Aubrey Morris is a superbly slimy 'Sir Percy Heseltine — Home Secretary' and Steve Railsback is an impressive Only-Surviving-Astronaut-With-A-Psychic-Link-To-The-Girl, but the real two stars of this show are situated in front of Mathilda May. At chest height.





From Dracula territory, to Frankenstein time: ***The Bride*** is Jennifer Beals, built by Frankenstein (Sting) as a mate for The Monster, but then kept for his own. Beginning where Universal's ***Bride Of Frankenstein*** left off, this is an uncomfortable attempt to graft a happy ending onto the tragedy of Frankenstein. The monster joins a circus with matey little dwarf David Rappaport, and is bullied by Evil Alexei Sayle, before returning to the castle to protect Jennifer from rape at the hands of the wicked Sting. Ten entertaining minutes at the beginning don't redeem this film, and, despite a tendency to wander round unclothed (a filmic device which one can only applaud in poor movies), Ms. Beals isn't a patch on Elsa Lanchester in her two-tone beehive, as the original.

Sting is also in ***Plenty***, the latest offering to star Meryl Streep. She plays a girl who was in the OSS in France during the war. In peacetime she has no time for contemporary morals and hypocrisy, and cheerfully ruins people's lives, goes mad, and is altogether obnoxious.

Tracey Ullman plays her best friend, a bohemian kid who tells old jokes; Charles Dance her diplomatic boyfriend; Sting a young lover by whom she attempts to have a baby; and John Geilgud an aging diplomat who has the only good scene in the movie — a horrible, horrible dinner party. Well acted, beautifully filmed, but very sterile. People fuck with their clothes on and whinge a lot.

Another strong, ambitious woman is ***Red Sonja***, a red-headed miss from Conan times, granted superhuman powers by a mysterious vision at the beginning: she will be a great warrior as long as she doesn't screw anyone who has not first defeated her in battle. However, as played by Brigitte Nielsen and assisted by A. Schwarzenegger she comes over as the weakest woman of the entire bunch of movies: if it wasn't for Arnie (playing a Conanesque Lord named Kalidor) she'd have been snuffed near the beginning of the debacle, and again every five minutes thereafter. The film also boasts an irritating little kid, and Sandahl Bergman as a wicked queen who is about to destroy the world with a funny green orb. A major waste of time.

Why can't Red Sonja be like Tina Turner in ***Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome***? She plays Auntie Entity — a tough, clever, proud and sexy woman who has built Bartertown, a city in the post-holocaust desert, into which people come to trade. Max (Mel Gibson) arrives seeking his stolen camels, but soon finds himself embroiled in more than he had bargained for. Auntie wants him to get rid of a giant, who, assisted by a midget genius, runs the pig-shit powered methane works below the town — Masterblaster. And in the Thunderdome — a geometric building around which combatants bounce and climb on rubber ropes, scrabbling for weapons such as chainsaws, spears, and giant hammers — Max fights the giant. That's the first third of the film. And it's brilliant. After then the movie melts into treacle, as Max gets in with a gang of orphan kids in the outback and goes about rescuing them as they start a new civilisation: if there ever was a series of movies that didn't need schmaltz, it was the Mad Maxes. The film never regains the heights of the first twenty minutes, and the final car chase/train chase is almost a joke. But there's good stuff aplenty, and there's Tina Turner, and she *is* good.

Neil Gaiman

Yee-haw! The Western is back! Soon you'll read all about ***Silverado***, directed by Lawrence ***Body Heat*** Kasdan, and — can you wait — Paul Bartel's ***Lust In The Dust***, starring Tab Hunter and Divine. (Divine in a Western?! Pass the sick bag, Tonto!)

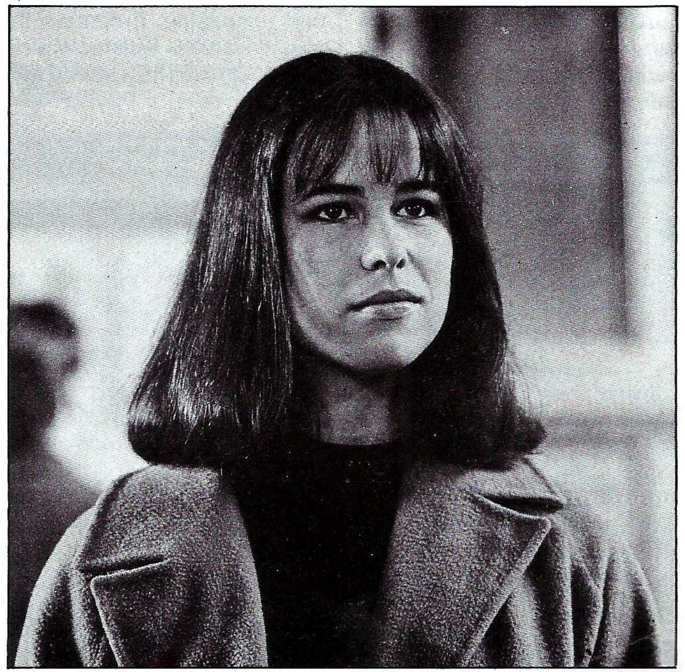
But first, some serious box office business. ***Pale Rider*** is Clint Eastwood's first Western since *The Outlaw Josey Wales*. Trouble is, it just ain't quite as good as that latter day classic. I guess it's unfair trying to compare it with something so good, but everybody else will be, so . . .

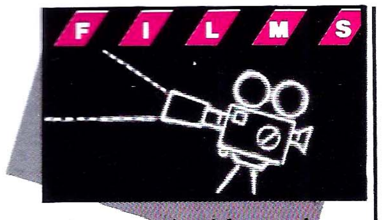
Clint's role in ***Pale Rider*** could be described as 'The One Samurai', as he defends a small settlement of gold prospectors against the big mining baron who's trying to drive them off their land. The novelty is that he happens to be a preacher — a gunfighter with a dog collar, no less. Religion with an iron fist. He doesn't do much preaching — except to a delicious teenage beauty with a crush on him — but he predictably does plenty of punching and shooting as the big bad baron hires some hit men to take him out.

As in ***Sudden Impact***, it seems that Clint can no longer do the hard-man role without almost becoming a parody of his former self as expressed in the ***Dirty Harry*** movies and Sergio Leone Westerns. Partly because of this, and also because of some uncharacteristically weak and confusing scenes, ***Pale Rider*** is not as strong as had been expected. It's still entertaining, though, Clint doesn't make bad movies, no Sir.

And now for something completely different . . . ***The Frog Prince***, starring unknown young English actress Jane Snowden as Jenny, a well-educated but innocent teenager on her way to Paris in 1960 to complete her education. Unhappy and alone at her suburban lodgings with a strict but somewhat overpoweringly friendly family (complete with crazy Granny and lecherous fiancé of the daughter of the house), she feels she is missing out on the 'real' Paris. This impression is confirmed by her much more racy and devil-may-care English girlfriends in the city, who chat with lurid details of all the fun and games the local life can provide.

Naturally, she meets a tall, dark and handsome French boy, a real smoothie named Jean Philippe, (played by Alexandre Sterling). He's not the





only man in her life, mind you, a fellow student has also fallen for her — a quiet and almost as shy Norwegian, Niels. Jenny seems oblivious to his total adoration, however, and treats him as nothing more than a brother type of friend. She's very much aware, though, of Jean Phillipe's urgent pleadings for a bit of . . . er . . . bonking, but can't decide what she ought to do. She solves her dilemma eventually, of course, and in a rather amusing way . . .

A gently satirical and funny film, ***The Frog Prince*** is at times almost embarrassing to watch as the English abroad show how crass they can sometimes be. But that in fact adds to the appeal of the film — it is, at its best, very funny.

A very different young girl at large in a big city is Jutka, star of **The Princess**. She (played by Erika Ozsda) is one of a group of country girls from rural Hungary who arrive in modern Budapest to seek work and something to live for — not an easy goal to achieve. Most of the girls look no further than finding a husband as the limit of their ambitions.

They find work in textile mills and spend their money in bars, where of course they meet boys but not, perhaps, the marrying type. Slowly Jutka's sheltered life changes as she seeks and finds her real mother who had had her adopted as a baby. Mother is not glad to see her, which upsets Jutka more than somewhat. She also discovers a sister, who had remained within the family, who is now doing well for herself, much to Jutka's resentment. Jutka allows one of her bar-room friends to seduce her, but he ditches her when he discovers that she is a virgin! A girlfriend of hers has an illegitimate baby but does not seem to care for her little daughter after a few weeks, much to Jutka's distress.

Eventually Jutka meets a respectable boy and an engagement seems to be on the cards. But two friends of his rape her at a party in his flat when he is drunk and unconscious. The boyfriend's unconcerned reaction to this gives Jutka no option but to terminate the relationship, despite the fact that she is carrying his baby. The pregnancy is terminated too . . .

Jutka slips back into the routine of drudgery and servitude at the mill; her plans, her dreams shattered. But her life is improved when at last she finds someone to love and care for — her girlfriend's baby daughter, dumped in her hands when Zsuzsa, the mother, finds a man who fancies her but not her baby. But, predictably, Jutka's happy life with the baby, in lodgings with a caring elderly couple, does not last for long. Zsusza returns for just one more visit . . .

The grainy monochrome film and the expressionless acting make ***The Princess*** seem undeniably boring at first, but the film becomes fascinating and engrossing, if depressing, as one watches with increasing sadness Jutka's life rise and fall.

Phyllis Stein

KNAVE'S EYEBALL RATING

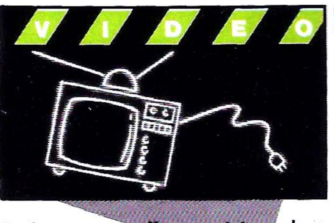
Comatose: Lack of sleep, strong sedative or very low interest quota. Either way, what the eye don't see, the heart don't grieve over.

Eyelids with rocks on: Fighting a powerful impulse to nod off. One eye cocked for the miraculous, but keep an alarm clock close by.

Double vision: Do not readjust the orbs. The forecast is improving. Sitting comfortably? Slight perspiration on the brow? Aroused?

The glow-worm: Rapid development of dormant faculties. (Possibly the result of having sat upon a drawing-pin). Very few secrets left.

Equatorial peepers: All the symptoms. Dilated pupils. Red neck. Wet shirt. Cold feet. Tall stalk/hot cavity. Reach optical boiling point.



It is not at all surprising that people like whodunnits, since they combine the vicarious pleasure of watching some mayhem with the opportunity for each viewer to solve the puzzle. It is even better if there are a lot of red herrings, because, alongside the main story line, one *has* to develop several others as one red herring after another falls by the wayside, leaving behind bewilderment. That is, if it is well written.

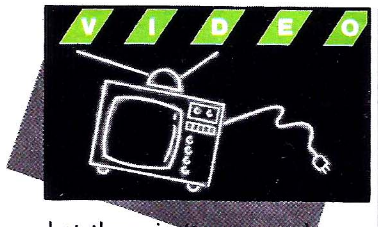
Too Scared to Scream *(MGM/UA Video)* fulfils this *a priori* function, and there is such a satisfactory number of corpses by the end that I had difficulty counting them all.

Without spoiling your enjoyment, I can say that practically the whole film is shot within the confines of a huge apartment building, where a knife-welding maniac is diligently helping with the world's overpopulation problem. Nor do you have to wait for a long winding-up period before the blood begins to drip. Very soon after the beginning we have the first victim, which is also combined with the pleasure of watching an extremely good looking young lady stripping to the buff — proving that pneumatic boobs are still a very large plus. Also, all of the major characters are introduced within the first ten minutes — although you don't realise this until the end — the writers not taking the easy way out, introducing the killer practically within the last few frames. I add this simply to encourage fans of this type of film, because — although I will never be able to prove this to you — the utterance of one simple sentence, innocuous as it was, gave me an idea who the killer would turn out to be. Actually, I was right — but, believe it or not, for the wrong reasons.

What amused me about the story was the creation of a role for a paralysed and speechless woman who, nevertheless, has an important part in the film. I have always wondered: what the hell can you do with a role, in which an actor's most important facet, her style and tempo of vocal delivery, is negated? I know that they can do it — I watched poor Maureen O'Hara doing it in this very film — but it must be hell. Mind you, she is very expressive with the only thing she's allowed, the twitching of her fingers.

A good, fast moving thriller, with Kensington gore splashed all over the place. Worth watching.

There are many combinations of greed, but, surely, one of the most potent ones is associated with gold, particularly when it is in the form of a treasure trove. If you doubt this statement, watch out for men wearing the earphones of a metal detector and a glazed expression, walking about like somnambulists — and God help you if they have managed to find just *one* gold coin. From that moment on, their destiny is sealed; nothing else matters but the insatiable search for the hidden hoard. Understandably enough, films have exploited this mania for all it's worth, and I'm willing to



bet there isn't a year when a film relating to this subject is not released. The latest in this genre is **Wet Gold** *(Odyssey Video)*, which, as the title half implies, is about this precious metal in the sea. Thank heavens, the film isn't based on a search for the blasted stuff according to some ancient chart, but rather relies on the recollection of an old drunkard, one Samson (Burgess Meredith), who was shipwrecked while smuggling in gold bars — the illegal take from a casino — and still lives on the memory of all those riches.

Naturally, there must be a *femme fatale,* in this case Brooke Shields, who is definitely more *femme* than *fatale,* who believes the old rogue's tale to the extent that she finances a search mission for it, helped along by her boyfriend and a diver she hires. I can't keep up the suspense — yes, they do find the gold, but it is really from then on that the film gets on with it. Actually, I was rather grateful for this, because at least then it contained some interesting character studies, which are almost inevitable under the circumstances.

We not only have the rooster-syndrome exploited (boyfriend versus the diver), but watch as the happy crowd is taken over by avarice, suspicion and evil thoughts.

Maybe I am being supercritical, but there is one aspect of the story line which is feeble and annoying. Why, for goodness' sake, do they employ a diver who, as the story unfolds, blackmails them by threatening to withold his labours, when, during the diving sequences, all three of them dive. After all, if they can do exactly as he does, why the hell should they have him there in the first place?

Yet, it is a reasonably fast-moving drama with some lovely sea shots and underwater sequences in it, and Ms Shields displays her considerable charms with studied abandon. If it does nothing else, the film proves that old fashioned hokum can still work.

There are many films which are based on the 'flow principle', of using an inanimate object and, through its experience, contrasting the different activities of crazy human beings, who created the object in the first place. In **Sweet Dreams** *(Electric Video)*, this object happens to be a mirror and, as mirrors go, it doesn't look any great shakes. However, when you consider that it has the ability to 'replay', so to speak, events which it has 'seen' during its life, the permutations are endless.

Don't panic, it is not concerned with banal things like how it was made, or why it is like a visual magic carpet: the important aspect is that, combined with Ms. Veronica Hart, who finds it in an antique shop, it reflects some of the more extraordinary episodes from its long life.

True to form, the mirror is rather clever in having an ability to reflect 'things' in their chronological order, therefore, the first episode is the period after it was made by the husband of a very delectable lady — who is obviously good with his hands, but nothing else. Why do I jump to this conclusion? Simple. The sequence is supposed to date back to the time of the American civil war, and we see how grateful the lady is when three, roving ex-army blokes come across the lady *and* the mirror, and what they do to the lady? What do they do? Are you crazy? What would three vagabonds do when they're short of food, security and sexual satisfaction? Right. That's what they do.

Just in case the viewing audience doesn't go a bundle on the historical costume dramas, the makers have carefully inserted (sorry about the psychological connotation), more up-to-date incidents and, my, my, my, this mirror surely had a busy bloody life. It seems that it is also a selective mirror, because it never bothers to record ordinary episodes, but the moment a lady happens to strip to the buff, or a man loses his trousers, it goes into recording moody like crazy. Between you and me, this is a most eclectic, disgusting mirror.

However, it does have the advantage of showing us titillating morsels and, although we start to feel sorry for Ms. Hart, because we know from the warning of the antique shop owner that one can definitely overdo the voyeur bit — it's a sort of amorphous warning, but we get the drift — it is fascinating to watch through her how an obsession begins. Me? I'd pay a fortune for a mirror like this, it'd beat peep-shows hollow.

A clever little film with no accolade of Oscars, but made up for it by the anticipated volume of tits and bums. Very good technically, with good musical back-up.

I cannot help liking Russ Meyer, whose Bosomania productions are now definitely very much part of the long saga of the film world, and whose strip cartoon dreams are amusing, infuriating, erotic and — well, you either like him or hate him. His work, though, must be considered within the context of the times, as Russ has been responsible, almost single-handed, for destroying a lot of the false credibility of those who bray for film censorship. In a broader context, he's also well known for his predilection for using ladies with unusually developed torsos and for the amount of natural violence these ladies produce. In **Common-Law Cabin** *(Videospace),* for instance, once again we have a story line which moves with the tranquil speed of a hash-smoking grasshopper, and one has to watch like crazy to be able to decipher what the hell is happening.

I think I have a vague idea: it somehow involves a crooked cop, a lady who can't get enough from her husband, and a father who seems to have some suspicious tenderness towards his own daughter — but it's no big deal if you lose continuity, as the continuous and frantic action, plus those bobbing boobs, certainly makes up for a lot.

To give a 'for instance', in this film we have three ladies, Sheila, Babette and Coral, and all three have one thing in common: their measurements are 42-24-36. How's that for qualifications?

Of course, provided with such perfect figures, one can't really anticipate great acting, a fact which the above ladies prove conclusively. On the other hand, there are also five male actors, and Russ has very cautiously ascertained that their standard of acting wouldn't show up the ladies. He has wholly succeeded.

I have always complimented Russ Meyer's films for their photographic excellence, and this film is no exception, though I wish he didn't go zaaap, (horizontal planning at great speed) so as to permit him to go from one scene to another in the shortest possible time. Having said all that, no Russ Meyer fan can be without this technicolour pastiche, and I would recommend those still virgin of a Bosomania experience, to have a go and see how they like it.

Victor Lensky

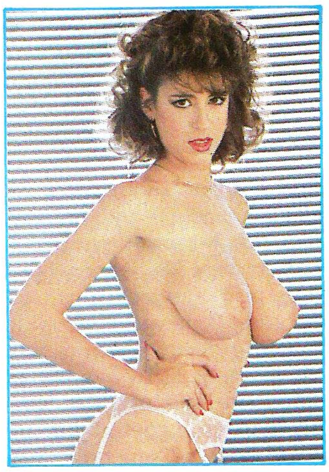
A sex life shared is a sex life doubled — so why not share yours with us? Drop us a lurid line or two. Penpower, Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. All in the strictest confidence, of course.

Double Top

I have been buying Knave for about ten years, and I just had to write to congratulate you on some really fine work in recent issues. Your choice of models, the quality of the photographic work, and the artistic design is truly splendid.

Two photo features that are, I think, the strongest I have ever seen were in Vol. 17 Nos. 4 & 5. In No. 4, Aurora was a sheer delight to view. Seeing this lady at first partially clothed and then stripped down to just designer stockings, leather belt and high heel shoes was a real cock stiffener! She has a really beautiful arse, while the shots of her flat on her back with legs spread have kept my right hand busy since the day I opened that issue and saw her posed provocatively on those silk sheets.

In No. 5, though, you provided yet another wanking wonder in Missy! She is a sumptuously beautiful girl — those 38 inch breasts of hers could charm any man's cock into an upright and uncontrollable state in about five seconds flat! It was nice to see her dressed in a white suspender belt and stockings, too, because this enhanced her ample and shapely buttocks, while one photo of her giving us an explicit pussy display was an exquisite ball breaker!



Keep up your high standards. Your models and your photography prove that Knave is the best! — *B.N., Salford.*

Rachel Rave

At last! I have found the woman of my dreams. Where? In Vol. 17 No. 6 of Knave. You certainly saved the best until last in your Amateur Model Competition, for Rachel Worthington is quite the prettiest girl I've ever seen in Knave — professional or otherwise! The full-page picture on page 10 is the best of the lot: those firm, young breasts with deliciously ripening nipples, her gorgeous peaches-and-cream face with those unbelievably sexy eyes. I've framed that picture and it now has pride of place in the collection on the inside of my wardrobe door! If you could let me have a few more glimpses of her, I would be pathetically grateful. — *Vic, Birmingham.*

Luscious Polly

I've just got hold of Knave Vol. 17 No. 8 and I liked it very much — most of all Polly Rogers, number four in the

Polly — the best bum?

Rachel — saving the best 'til last?

Continued on page 24.

NAME
TEACHER
CLASS
SUBJECT

Things Are NOT What They Seem In The Halls of Academe.

DON GIDDENS waxes educational.

More than once, I have heard it suggested, that it may not be entirely accidental that the words 'letcher' and 'lecturer' sound remarkably similar — even when only moderately small amounts of alcohol have been consumed by whoever it is that's doing the talking or listening.

In the public eye, the lecturing profession enjoys an altogether dissolute reputation. Novels and T.V. treatments like Tom Sharpe's *Wilt* and Malcolm Bradbury's *The History Man*, paint an extremely appealing picture of a life that is not only relatively well paid and rich in holidays, but is also full of chemical, political, and above all, sexual intrigue.

As far as thumb-nail sketches go this is laudably accurate, or at least it can be. Unfortunately every group of people has its black sheep — those who bring shame and ignominy to the rest.

In the academic world this is also the case. Not every lecturer is doing his fair share of getting drunk, stoned, appearing on chat shows, and striking up relationships with students in situations and circumstances guaranteed to offend leader writers in the tabloids, (whose self-righteous indignation seems to work on the old familiar principle of sour grapes).

The worst offenders when it comes to letting the side down are economics lecturers, which is strange seeing as economics students enjoy the reputation of being amongst the most debauched bunch of intellectual cripples ever to cash a grant cheque. Hot on the economics lecturers' heels come the accountants and civil engineers — wimps and S.D.P. voters to a man!

You can always tell one of these academic pariahs, they stick out from the crowd in much the same way as a patch of vomit does on an otherwise spotless pavement.

For a start, they're the only people left on the planet who wear corduroy suits. Olive coloured corduroy at that! And as if that weren't heinous enough, they have the audacity to decorate their suits with oval leather patches about the knees and elbows — spots which get a lot of use when the suit-wearer spends large chunks of his life grovelling before departmental heads who are on the look-out for ineffectual, and therefore non-troublemaking, promotion candidates.

The corduroy suit is also likely to suffer wear and tear when subject to prostration at the feet of government officials offering bribes — sorry, that should read research (as-long-as-the-conclusion-is-taken-from-the-current-party-manifesto) awards.

That's the unsavory business out of the way, fortunately the majority of lecturers display a healthier attitude to their vocation, and as such provide excellent role models.

Sociologists, for instance, are so devoted to having a salaried good time that they usually have to take early retirement on health grounds. Similarly, historians, philosophers and psychologists go to inordinate lengths in exploring earthy delights to the full. In fact, their collective livers, gonads and other bodily bits and pieces necessary for sustaining an enjoyable lifestyle are so abused and liable to sudden failure, that medical insurance companies shun them as clients — unless there is a sudden tax-related need to show a trading loss.

Big deal, you may think. All very well, but are we supposed to be jealous or something? To which the simple answer is: yes! Who wants to work on a building site, in a factory, or in a boring office when other degenerates are having such a field day and getting paid for it?

The good news is that it's easier to get in on the action than you might have imagined. By following a few fairly simple guidelines you can get your foot firmly in the door of the academic world. From there it isn't much of a step to living out most of the fantasies that you could ever think of. Eager young girls of a sexually responsive age group, wild parties and fat pay cheques. And its all due to government fiscal policy!

It is now well known that higher education has suffered massive spending cuts. Ironically, one result of this is that it is now easier to get a lecturing job than it has been for sometime. I can vouch for this, at the moment I'm having a year off to build my stamina up for another stint.

Photographic Illustration by Kim.

THE HALLS OF ACADEME

Continued from previous page

The simple truth is that universities can't afford to take on full-time staff, its cheaper to take on part-timers. And any old riff-raff can pass themselves off as bona fide part-timers.

Having discovered that the general market exists, the next step is to decide which particular institution to infiltrate.

Universities are of course the most prestigious. The students under your care will invariably be in the eighteen to twenty-one age range. They will be well-spoken, rich, refer to their old man as "Daddy", leave a trail of cocaine and champagne bottles wherever they go, and once in the sack act like hyenas on heat.

Polytechnics are a bit more earthy. The students are usually a couple of years older, and speak in strange dialects. They're perpetually skint, refer to their old man as "that Bastard". Litter their bedsits with old cannabis joints and brown ale bottles. And once in bed, they act like hyenas on heat who've been denied access to the sexual act for far longer than is good for them.

Colleges of further education are more risky. You need to be careful about the ages of the inmates — most of whom are below the legal age of consent. Their income, such as it is, comes from paper-rounds and pocket-money, don't expect them to stand a round in the pub. They still drink cider and blackcurrant juice. They speak in the latest teenage slang and rarely refer to their parents. They give the impression that once in bed they too would come across like hyenas on heat, those old enough to be road-tested certainly live up to that impression.

An alternative to be borne in mind is correspondence tutoring. Students will be from all sorts of socio-economic groupings. Often, with luck, they will be more mature — experienced nymphos who know what they're doing. You'll usually end up seeing them on a one-to-one arrangement, (although this is flexible, other permutations are possible according to staff/student inclinations) for what are euphemistically known as counselling sessions. You'll also be expected to supervise an orgy filled annual summer camp. A fortnight of which shows you why they call it The Open-legged University!

Having picked the institution, (or institutions — you can always moonlight) which mesh best with your own particular fetishes. You need to decide which subjects to teach.

Don't go for the sciences or anything technical — if you do you'll soon get caught out, and in any case there won't be significant numbers of females on such mind-numbing courses. Go for the humanities, arts and social sciences. These attract the best looking women and have the advantage of being easy to teach. All you need to do is read out editorials from *The Guardian, New Statesman* and *Marxism Today* — with *The Telegraph* thrown in occasionally to demonstrate your sense of humour.

The next phase is to get employed. If you've picked up degrees whilst languishing in prison or drawing your dole, all well and good. If not it doesn't really matter. You can always lie about them — nobody ever bothers to check up on a part-timer's qualifications.

Much more important than qualifications is finding the pub closest to the seat of learning in question. In here you'll find your contacts. Queue up before opening time — say ten in the morning, and wait. The first person to join the queue will either be someone like yourself — after contacts — in which case he won't talk to you. Or, if you're lucky it'll be the academic in charge of organising part-time lecturers. He is easily recognised: the characteristic sway, the unfocused gaze, the open-toe sandals, the willingness to engage total strangers in conversation, and the leathery complexion are all dead give-aways.

> ***"As far as part time work goes, this beats the hell out of stuffing cans of beans onto supermarket shelves."***

When you get inside, ply him with copious measures of intoxicating liquor. Don't try and match his capacity — he is a professional when all's said and done. Tell him that you've a couple of degrees in whatever you've decided you want to try your hand at. Then spend some time slagging off economics lecturers, accountants, civil engineers, the government, the opposition and the S.D.P. By closing time you'll have a time-table of several hours teaching each week at round about thirteen quid an hour (travelling expenses on top), plus of course the opportunity of those famous perks. As far as part-time work goes, this beats the hell out of stuffing cans of beans onto supermarket shelves.

As I said before, the actual teaching is easy enough. The students will be so overawed by the fact that you're standing at the front of a lecture room and patronising them with pearls of wisdom, that they won't bother listening to what you've got to say. This is probably just as well. Make sure that you ramble incoherently — this is the mark of a true professional, your students will find it comforting.

Marking essays is also no problem. Give the blokes C-grades and scrawl: "I think you need to work on the logical structure of this piece" in illegible hand-writing all over the margins. For the girls — use your initiative. Print: "See me — your room after the lecture" on those whose owners you deem desirable, otherwise treat them the same as the guys. If any rumours are heard about external checking of essay marks, stand firm and claim that the whole class have had theirs stolen.

When it comes to examination marking, your best bet is to follow the example of the full-timers. Stand at the top of the stairs and throw the exam papers into the air. Those which land on the top three steps get straight A's, the next three rate an A-minus, and so on down to the failures.

If you follow the advice so far, you will never be found out. However, there are some times when you need to be rather more careful. For instance, in the staff-room and your dealings with other lecturers. Or as the sociologists would have it: in your ongoing peer-group interaction situations. Unless you can speak in this barbaric excuse of a language, keep your mouth shut.

If silence is too much to ask, the next best thing is to affect a Yorkshire accent and mutter under your breath about stuck-up buggers and public schools. Very few of your lecturing colleagues will have actually been to a public school, but they like to give the impression that they have, and will politely ignore you in order to try and convey that impression to the rest of their friends.

Sadly, a possible consequence of speaking with a Yorkshire accent is that the suckers might think that you're a genuine proletarian revolutionary, infiltrating the ranks of bourgeois educational institutions. If this happens you'll suddenly become very popular and suffer from weird invitations to address terrorist cells and student political activist meetings. Should this occur, glare at the floor and claim to be an anarchist. Even polytechnic lecturers dislike anarchists — nobody should ever speak to you again in the staff-room.

The only other awkward time when you need to be on guard is if there's an outbreak of staff sherry-parties. No-one talks to anyone else at these salubrious affairs. So the main danger here is boredom. The situation isn't made any better by the fact that three thimblefulls of watery sherry are supposed to last you four hours. After half-an-hour you'll be so bored that you'll be tempted to do something to liven up the proceedings. Resist at all costs, a real academic would never do anything like that — he knows better than to even try.

What a real academic would do, and what you ought to do, is get absolutely pissed beforehand — then you won't mind staring vacantly at a bunch of imbeciles who are staring vacantly back at you!

There we have it, the complete Knave guide to faking an academic career. It's a rich, rewarding life for those prepared to negotiate the niggling little obstacles that crop up every so often. More sex than a Euro-politician, more hangovers than a parliamentary special committee and better pay than an unemployed kebab pusher. What more could anyone ask for?

Continued from page 18.

Penpower

Amateur Model Competition. She has the best body I've seen in ages — most of all her bum!

Please, please can we see more of this luscious woman? — *A.T., Bristol.*

Porn Cock-up

I am writing to inform you of a good way to please all and sundry connected with your magazine. As you may be aware, the best part of Knave is the highly erotic Porn Cocktail but, be honest, it is a bit tame.

So — why not offer a porn cocktail supplement to all subscribers to Knave, paid for by video and film makers and marketers, as an advertisement for up and coming films. Cost to your good selves — zilch! Increased sales to the advertisers keep them sweet and your subscribers get a terrible case of hand cramp. As the word spreads your subscriptions increase as well. How about the £50 backhander? — *K.M., Wiltshire.*

Pornography, in case you hadn't noticed, is illegal in Britain and no porn films are (officially) made or sold here. That's why Porn Cocktail is news 'n' views from the American porn industry — or hadn't you noticed that either? That's also why anyone in Britain who offers you 'hard-core porn' is almost certainly lying. So the only films/videos a 'supplement' could promote would be a) soft-core rubbish or b) American/Continental films (which are illegal) or videos (which are illegal and wouldn't work on your machine anyway). Sorry mate, a nice try — have a fiver . . . — Ed.

Oooops!

I have just purchased Knave Vol. 17 No. 8 and read your challenge to readers to send in original letters. Imagine my surprise on reading 'It Happened To Me' to discover that one of the letters was identical to one in the Knave Christmas Issue, 1981. I refer to the letter from Mrs G.D. of Suffolk. Not even one word had been changed!

Do you really think Knave readers have such short memories, or are you simply not prepared to practice what you preach? I would reply to your challenge by saying, "Pull your finger out and edit out old material before issuing such a self-righteous criticism of your readers' lack of imagination."

Hopefully I will receive my £5 for this letter but, in view of the fact that you have been caught out in the first issue containing your challenge, I would really like to write myself a cheque for £50 — if only for observation. — *M.R.B., London.*

As a matter of embarrassing fact, the same sort of think happened in the previous issue — and you are not the only reader to point this out. So I'm afraid it wouldn't be fair to give you the £50. Still, since yours is the most literate of these criticisms, you certainly deserve a fiver. And an explanation.

As we said, the letters column was getting dreary and repetitive — despite the fact that over the same period our sales have gone up 20% and the readership by 70%! In desperation we dug out some old files of unused letters — or so we thought. Alas, some previous Knave minion had used them, but had omitted to mark them as used. Hence, copious egg on the faces of the current incumbents — and fulsome apologies to one and all! — Ed.

Jail Bait

My story, my confession — call it what you will — starts just over five years ago — but events of the past few weeks have brought it all vividly back to mind. At the time I was a young bride of 19 just married to my husband, who was 25 years older than myself. Like a lot of girls I married for money and security more than love and to be honest I have no regrets. My husband — Tom — is an architect in his father's civil engineering firm and just weeks after our marriage the firm won a major contract in Nairobi in Kenya *(city and country have been changed)* — Tom had spent quite a number of years in various parts of Africa but, to me, it was of course a great big wonderful adventure.

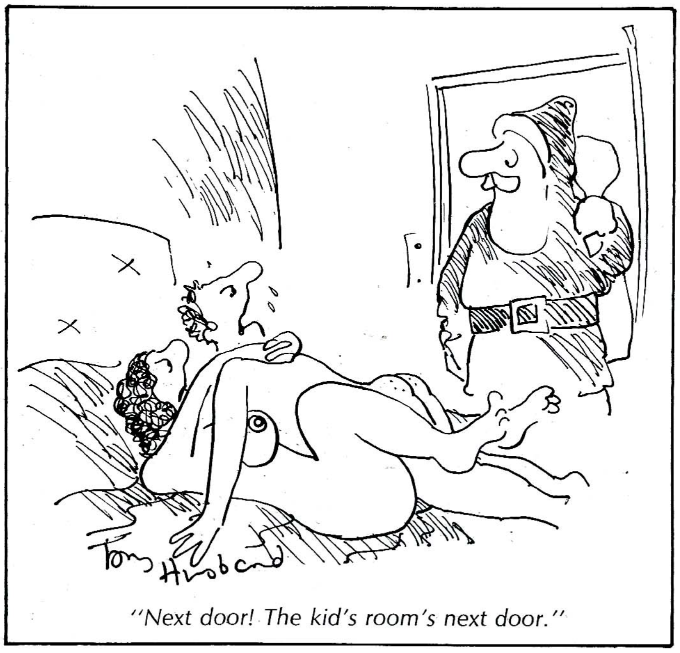
We had a lovely — but quite isolated — bungalow a few miles out of Nairobi and soon built up a little circle of friends. The only blot on the landscape was the sex side of our marriage — twice a night quickly became twice a week and within six months once or at the most twice a month was my 'ration' from Tom. Needless to say I was fast becoming a very bored, very frustrated young married wife and whilst I hadn't as yet taken myself a lover I knew that the day was fast approaching.

We had a good social life — parties, etc. in each others' homes and then right out of the blue the bomb dropped. Tom and I were having a lovely party for about seven or eight other couples — it was rather noisy, I admit, and there was plenty of drinking going on and then we were raided — a small quantity of drugs were found on some of our guests and Tom was arrested and I found myself under house arrest. What hurt me was as much as Tom's arrest was the attitude of our so-called friends — not one of them stood by me and they all completely ostracized me. The first few days were terrible — I wasn't allowed to see Tom, our servants were forbidden entry to our house and of course there was the continuous police guard outside the house.

> **"He just looked me up and down boldly — his eyes taking in my legs and thighs, my waist and breasts."**

After about a week I did get to see Tom — he was being reasonably well looked after but was most despondent, mainly because he knew that such cases could drag on for weeks and months. Our solicitor — an old African — Mr. Obi, *(his and all other names have been changed)* seemed completely overawed by everything that was taking place then after about ten days Mr. Obi and I had an interview with the Chief Superintendent. His name was John Ibekwe, he was a very striking man — tall, broad and powerfully built, he just oozed charm and virility; and yet he was just as obviously a stern, domineering and ruthless, even a cruel man. His skin was coal-black — his English was flawless and I will never forget the way he looked me over on the first occasion that we met. He just looked me up and down boldly, almost insolently — his eyes taking in my legs and thighs, my waist and breasts — I saw desire and even lust in his eyes and I felt a shiver run through me as I realised that he was mentally stripping me — I even became aware that I was blushing as he shook my hand and motioned me to a low deep armchair — I can remember how my dress fell into my

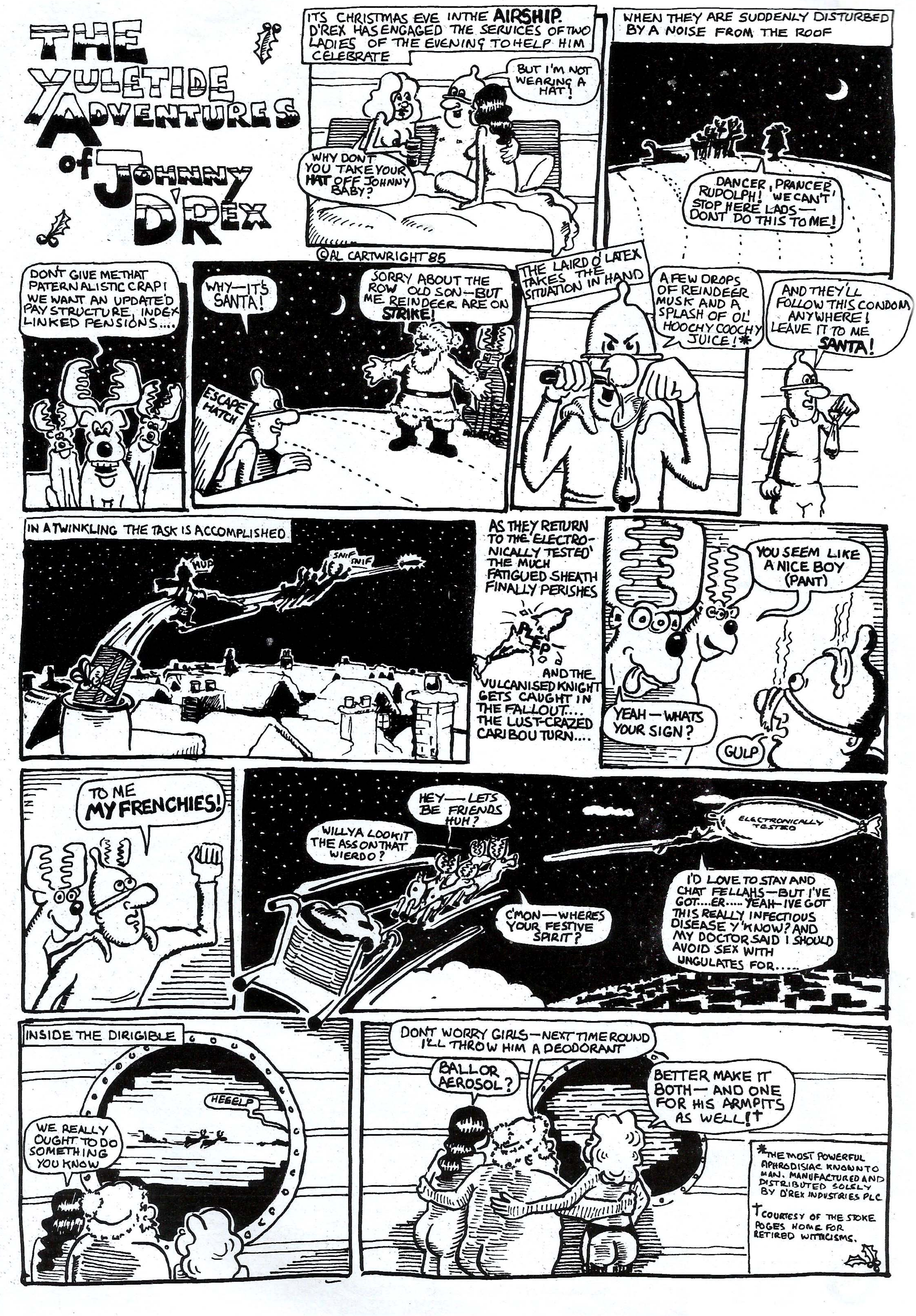
Continued on page 61.



"Next door! The kid's room's next door."

SERENA

Here she is again — and not before time. Flown in all the way from Knave 17/6 with no regard for expense. This time submitted by Rex Dexter, photographer of this parish and a man with an eye for naughty bits. She's 20 years old, 36-24-36, and hails from Bath — you can hear her if the wind is in the right direction. She used to be the manageress of a ladies' clothes shop, but decided to drop everything in favour of modelling. And a jolly good job too, what! Ho! Ho! Ho! (Well, I admit it may not be funny but it adds that extra, Christmas flavour . . .)


THE YULETIDE ADVENTURES of JOHNNY D'REX
ITS CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE AIRSHIP. D'REX HAS ENGAGED THE SERVICES OF TWO LADIES OF THE EVENING TO HELP HIM CELEBRATE
BUT I'M NOT WEARING A HAT!
WHY DONT YOU TAKE YOUR HAT OFF JOHNNY BABY?
©AL CARTWRIGHT 85
WHEN THEY ARE SUDDENLY DISTURBED BY A NOISE FROM THE ROOF
DANCER, PRANCER, RUDOLPH! WE CAN'T STOP HERE LADS — DONT DO THIS TO ME!
DON'T GIVE ME THAT PATERNALISTIC CRAP! WE WANT AN UPDATED PAY STRUCTURE, INDEX LINKED PENSIONS....
WHY — IT'S SANTA!
ESCAPE HATCH
SORRY ABOUT THE ROW OLD SON — BUT ME REINDEER ARE ON STRIKE!
THE LAIRD O' LATEX TAKES THE SITUATION IN HAND
A FEW DROPS OF REINDEER MUSK AND A SPLASH OF OL' HOOCHY COOCHY JUICE!*
AND THEY'LL FOLLOW THIS CONDOM ANYWHERE! LEAVE IT TO ME SANTA!
IN A TWINKLING THE TASK IS ACCOMPLISHED
HUP
SNIF SNIF
AS THEY RETURN TO THE 'ELECTRONICALLY TESTED' THE MUCH FATIGUED SHEATH FINALLY PERISHES
PLEP
AND THE VULCANISED KNIGHT GETS CAUGHT IN THE FALLOUT.... THE LUST-CRAZED CARIBOU TURN....
YOU SEEM LIKE A NICE BOY (PANT)
YEAH — WHATS YOUR SIGN?
GULP
TO ME MY FRENCHIES!
HEY — LETS BE FRIENDS HUH?
WILLYA LOOKIT THE ASS ON THAT WIERDO?
ELECTRONICALLY TESTED
C'MON — WHERES YOUR FESTIVE SPIRIT?
I'D LOVE TO STAY AND CHAT FELLAHS — BUT I'VE GOT....ER.....YEAH — IVE GOT THIS REALLY INFECTIOUS DISEASE Y'KNOW? AND MY DOCTOR SAID I SHOULD AVOID SEX WITH UNGULATES FOR.....
INSIDE THE DIRIGIBLE
HEEELP
WE REALLY OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING YOU KNOW
DONT WORRY GIRLS — NEXT TIME ROUND I'LL THROW HIM A DEODORANT
BALL OR AEROSOL?
BETTER MAKE IT BOTH — AND ONE FOR HIS ARMPITS AS WELL!†
*THE MOST POWERFUL APHRODISIAC KNOWN TO MAN. MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED SOLELY BY D'REX INDUSTRIES PLC
†COURTESY OF THE STOKE POGES HOME FOR RETIRED WITTICISMS.

HOW TO BE EXTREME

BOMB
BOMB
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BOMB

Who wants to be thought of as 'Middle of the Road'? These days there are even extremists in the SDP Liberal Alliance. Time you got on the bandwagon – we mean extremism, not the Alliance, you fool. Helpful hints from HERMAN HAYCROFT.

You might think that a career in politics is a really boring way of getting rich. You're right. We have always considered that there is more to life than money. Like getting your name in the papers, being universally hated and reviled, and overthrowing the government. In this handy guide, we show you how to combine politics with these, the best things in life. The answer is to be an extremist, one of those ranting loonies nobody listens to but everybody talks about. If you follow our advice, you can enter politics, and discover a really interesting way of getting poor (or, in some cases, dead).

Why be an extremist? Obviously, you've got a chip on your shoulder. You hate the way the world is and want to change it. There are four possible varieties of shoulder-worthy chips. *Psychological:* while you were at boarding school, your parents moved and didn't leave a forwarding address. *Economic:* the inadequate distribution ratios of M3 disposable income has led to uneven cash flow and turnover factors within current account stock exchange receipts when considered against the bracket of invisible earnings balances, which means you haven't been able to buy a round for twenty years. *Sociological:* it's quite obvious that all the wrong people are running the country, and that we have for too long been dominated by self-seeking politicians, pompous bureaucrats, ill-mannered shopgirls, and officious bus conductors. *Ideological:* at an early age, you came across a copy of *Das Kapital/Main Kampf/ Thomas the Tank Engine,* and have since realised that this seminal work holds the key to all human wisdom.

Now you've worked yourself up into the sort of grudge-holding frenzy necessary to convince yourself that it's about time you had a crack at telling everybody else what to do, you should choose which extreme course to follow. It's worth bearing in mind that, although extremists of the left and extremists of the right have an enormous amount in common (bad manners, lousy posture, terrible penmanship, loud voices, bombs), they are supposed to hate each other. Glance over the lifestyle descriptions printed below and decide which one suits you best. Remember, though, that obnoxiousness counts more than actual politics in the extremes business.

How to spot a left-wing extremist

The clothes they wear: black or red beret (*not* green), beard (including women), badge-covered duffel coat (in winter, two badge-covered duffel coats), faded and patched jeans, National Health glasses (fixed with sellotape), bullet-filled bandolier, half-smoked roll-up cigarette.

What their badges say: Viva Ricardo Montalban; Free Brian Smedley (great hero for the socialist struggle for the liberation of Bridgwater from the Peronist yoke of the Sedgemoor District Council); U.S. Out of . . . (wherever the U.S. are in this week); Love a Leninist; Hit the Rich Hard on the Head.

What they do in their spare time: petrol bomb parties (gossiping, drinking tea, and pouring paraffin into wine bottles); watching obscure foreign films about the miserable lot of oppressed peasants in some U.S.-dominated country, and not falling asleep; not working; pretending to be working class; pretending to like reggae; exhibiting solidarity with people who would cross the street if they saw them coming.

What they call their children: Boys: Nelson (after Nelson Mandela), Shakazulu (only if white), Ho, Livingstone, Salamander, Tolpuddle, Potemkin, Glorious 29th of February, Karl Vladimir Leon Joseph (but later cross out Leon), Django, Red. Girls: Octobriana, Hanoi Jane, Rosa, Ulrike, Nicaragua, Aphra, Okhrana, Varoomshka, Fidel.

How to spot a right-wing extremist

The clothes they wear: mirror shades, pickelhaube, completely shaven head with swastika tattoo, union jack underpants, full dress Nazi jacket (gilt buttons, gold aigrets, white piping, order of the Deathshead, gold-edged swastika armband), jeans and bovver boots.

What their badges say: Dreyfus Was Guilty!; Free Brian Smedley (great hero for the individualist cause, imprisoned for fire-bombing the Somerset headquarters of the immigrant-dominated Darby and Joan club); U.S. In To (wherever the U.S. got out of last week); Fuck a Fascist; Hit Commies Hard on the Head.

What they do in their spare time: invade Poland; bang their heads on walls; go round in groups picking on small, old, female, non-caucasians; being treated in

Photographic Illustration by Charles O'Connor

HOW TO BE EXTREME

Continued from previous page

casualty wards after picking on Mr. T's mum; pretending to like Oi, but really liking reggae; accusing President Andropov of being a commie; dead dog barbeques; playing with guns; being treated in casualty wards after accidentally discharging guns; reading *Commando Picture Library,* being caught in curry restaurants by other right-wing extremists; owning big dogs; smuggling flick knives in their underpants; being treated in casualty wards after smuggling flick knives in their underpants.

What they call their children: Boys: Nelson (after Admiral Nelson), Ghengiz, Adolf, Elvis, Nuke, Conan, Tarquin, Biff, Remington, Horst, Cruise, Gnasher, Monty, Clint. Girls: Evita, Lucrezia, Lucinda, Rodney, Brunhilde, Cruella, Unity, Nazi, Pussy, Enola Gay, Jadis, Leia, Bodicea, Eva, Gestapa, Aorta.

In recent years, those unable to decide which path to follow have been able to choose a third option, to be a middle-of-the-road extremist.

How to spot a middle-of-the-road extremist

What they wear: pink dungarees, beard (men only), espadrilles, hand-woven American Indian ponchos to display their solidarity with the third world (£850.00 retail), crochet caps, really expensive glasses, pendant earrings from somewhere oppressed, a Care Bears T-shirt, Jesus boots.

What their badges say: Hunt Thimbles Not Foxes; Hang Brian Smedley; Booze Not Cruise; Save the Lesser-Spotted Ecuadorean Avocet; I've Seen *Starlight Express;* Recycle Toilet Paper; I Read *The Guardian* Because . . .; The Police Go a Little Bit Too Far Sometimes; Like a Liberal; Have Long Serious Soul-Searching Discussions With the Rich.

What they do in their spare time: swap vegetarian recipes; make their children play non-sexist, non-violent games (most children of middle-of-the-road extremists want to be left or right wing extremists when they grow up, so they can play with guns and make their sisters do the washing up); smoke expensive drugs at dinner parties; collect credit cards; work in the media; read Norwegian fairy tales; feel guilty; make other people feel guilty.

What they call their children: Boys: Nelson (after Walter Gabriel's son), Josh, Toby, Stig, Dougal, Gandhi, Spermwhale, Greenpeace, Bruce, Che, Pierrot, Sue. Girls: Amanda, Tamsin, Suki, Hiroshima, Jade, Petrol, Handloom, Flick, Bronwen, Isolde, Soya, Zoe, Cow, Moon, Cherokee, Greenham, Sappho, Wonder Woman, Spike.

Once you've decided what stamp to put on your acts of terrorism and armed insurrection, the next step is to form a group. If you're a left winger, you call your group a caucus, a tendency, a cell, a liberation army, or a faction. If you're a right winger, you call your group a commando, a movement, a klan, a fist, a death squad, a covenant, or an enema. If you're middle of the road, you call your group a merry band, a rainbow, a organism, or anything prefaced by the adjectives natural, whole, alternative, centre, or wishy-washy.

Left-wing extremists attract converts by handing out leaflets in slums and universities. A sample recruiting sheet reads: "Commrades! For too long have we tolerated the iron heel of oppression tapdancing on the face of the proletariat! Rise now. You have nothing to lose but your lives, wives, jobs, and social security benefits. Remember, tap your ruby slippers together three times and repeat 'there's no place like a socialist worker's utopia', and the walls of the Establishment will crumble."

> ***"Hi everybody, like the government isn't being too reasonable these days so let's join hands and sing songs until they stop."***

Right-wing extremists attract converts by putting small adds in limited circulation publications like *Guns and Ammo, Soldier of Fortune,* the *Sun, 2000 A.D.,* and Socialist Worker (oops . . . silly fascists). A sample rallying cry reads: "90 percent of the world's population is foreign! Don't let it happen here! Join our noble cause, and get to wear a neat uniform, play with guns, go to camp with lots of small boys, and start a Thousand Year Reich!"

Middle-class extremists rent boxes in *The Guardian, Spare Rib, Field and Stream, Whips and Leather Monthly, The Fruitcake Times,* and *Private Eye.* A sample mild-mannered whinge reads: "Hi everybody, like the government isn't being too reasonable these days so let's join hands and sing songs until they stop."

After you've got your gang together, picketed a few local government offices, kidnapped the mother of a class enemy, and been on Channel 4, you'll have to sort out the aims of your organisation. After all, just what do you want to do with the world once you've taken it over? If you can't think of a purpose, issue a manifesto cribbed from below.

Left-wing aim: overthrow the government and establish a workers' paradise.

Right-wing aim; overthrow the government and establish a workers' paradise.

Middle-of-the-road aim: persuade the government to turn the country into a vegetable garden with a creche.

After you've decided what you want, you should work as hard as possible to put your policies into effect by spreading propaganda, executing daring coups, and screaming and crying and holding your breath.

Left-wing methods: annoying people, selling boring newspapers in the street to people who are easily intimidated, eating babies (it says in the *Daily Mail*), not washing, criticising Tony Benn for being a moderate, heckling speakers on *Any Questions.*

Right-wing methods: terror, arson, murder, assassination, bombing, kidnapping, armed robbery, random violence, defenestration, vandalism, mutilation, mugging, and writing letters to Santa.

Middle-of-the-road methods: discussion, debate, liberating goldfish, demonstration (peaceful), demonstration (slightly violent), chanting nursery rhymes, voting, wife-swapping, sleeping.

You will, of course, need a substantial income to fund your extremist actions, but, nver despair, the world is full of philanthropic bodies who can be tapped for the odd half-a-million dollars in gold or an occasional thermonuclear device. All you have to do is select the organisation or individual most likely to cough up in the name of your cause, and send in the following letter, deleting the parts that do not apply.

Dear Colonel Gadafy/Head of the C.I.A./Ayatollah/Dr Fu-Manchu/Director General of the BBC/Reverend Sum Bum Goon,

I am writing to you on behalf of the Muswell Hill Anarchist Collective/Totenvolkspartei/League of Superheros. We are a small but growing/shrinking/ineffectual organisation who believe that the international capitalist conspiracy/immigration and slack discipline/the moon in Scorpio is to blame for the terrible state that our once great/green and pleasant/nasty little country is in these days.

We have therefore decided to overthrow/exterminate/irritate the British government, and replace it with a Soviet Puppet State/an Evil Galactic Empire/a whoopee cushion factory. We feel sure that this news will make you feel very pleased/shit yourself/laugh and that you will do everything you can to support us/see were locked up/infiltrate our group and take over.

As I'm sure you are aware, we need manpower/an awful lot of money/a kick up the ass. Without these vital resources, we cannot succeed, so if you could see your way through to sending us a panzer division/some smart uniforms/a postal order, we would be very grateful/rich/dangerous.

I look forward to hearing from you,

Yours fraternally/all my love/seig heil/up, up and away/allah be praised.

So, there you have it. Good luck. However, remember that, once you've taken over the running of the country, you cease to be an extremist and turn into a boring moderate. In which case, you'll have to watch out for all the pesky, dissatisfied bastards who want to get rid of you and set up their own lot.

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VAMPIRE CHRISTMAS

The Butler — Igor Blimey	Rupert
The Innocent — The Hon. Miss Ammonia Plum-Socket	Sheree
The Victim — Brigadier General Sir Maudlin Plum-Socket	Ian
The Madame — Her Vampirial Highness Princess Indra Venus	Rachel
The Servant — Myrtle Teasmaid	Alison
The Pimp — 'Streetwise' Johnny Thrust	Tony
The Photographer	Raphael
The Make-up	Dean
The Stylist	Faith
The Set Builder	Henry
Best Boy	Ginger

Once upon a time at the end of the cricket season, Brigadier General Sir Maudlin Plum-Socket decided to take his lovely, virginal daughter, the Hon. Ammonia, to visit distant relatives in even more distant Transkilburnia.

However, little did they know that Castle Kilburn, once the ancestral home of their cousins, the Landed-Gentrys, was now a brothel. A brothel designed to cater to the tastes of the upwardly-mobile vampires in the area!

It was only when the door was opened by a shambling, grotesquely smiling Butler, that doubts began to invade the mind of the bluff old soldier . . .

'Servants must be jolly hard to find,' he thought as he waited to be announced.

As he led them through looming corridors, the Butler uttered a

gutteral chant beneath his breath, "Ar-gy-yull, ar-gy-yull, ar-gy-yull . . ." What could it mean?

But the entrance of the Mistress of the house, accompanied by her maid-servant was even more perplexing. 'Bloody strange,' thought Sir Maudlin, 'what's happened to the Landed-Gentrys?'

"Velkom to my house", purred Indra silkily,

"I regret that your cousins no longer live . . . here. But you are velkom to my hospitality, especially you my dear." "Okay, yah," said Ammonia uncertainly. 'Better tits than the Landed-Gentry's gell,' thought Sir Maudlin.

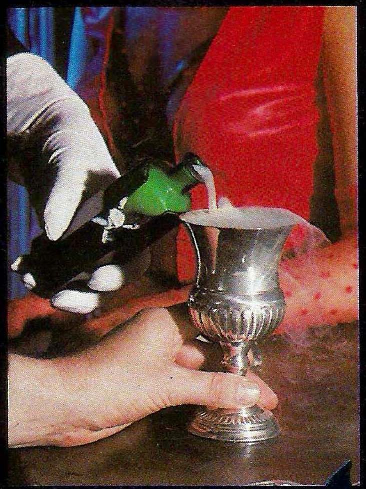
Matters might have thus remained, but for a sudden appearance (in a puff of smoke) by Indra's boss, 'Streetwise' Johnny Thrust. ''Who's dese turkeys? I gotta meet wid de boys tomorrow — no uninvited guests, okay?'' ''But Johnny,'' Indra hissed, ''I'm in the middle of a recruitment drive.'' He nodded reluctantly. ''Okay if you can swing it, but I want you an' all the girls ready an' willin' tomorrow — including' her!'' He vanished in a further puff of smoke.

''Gosh,'' said Ammonia. 'Slippery looking customer,' thought Sir Maudlin, 'wonder what he smokes . . .'

Poor Myrtle, flustered at having to shoot out of sequence, spilled wine down the front of her Mistress's dress and was instantly

banished. Ammonia eyed Indra's rampant nipples. 'Damned poor service in here,' thought Sir Maudlin.

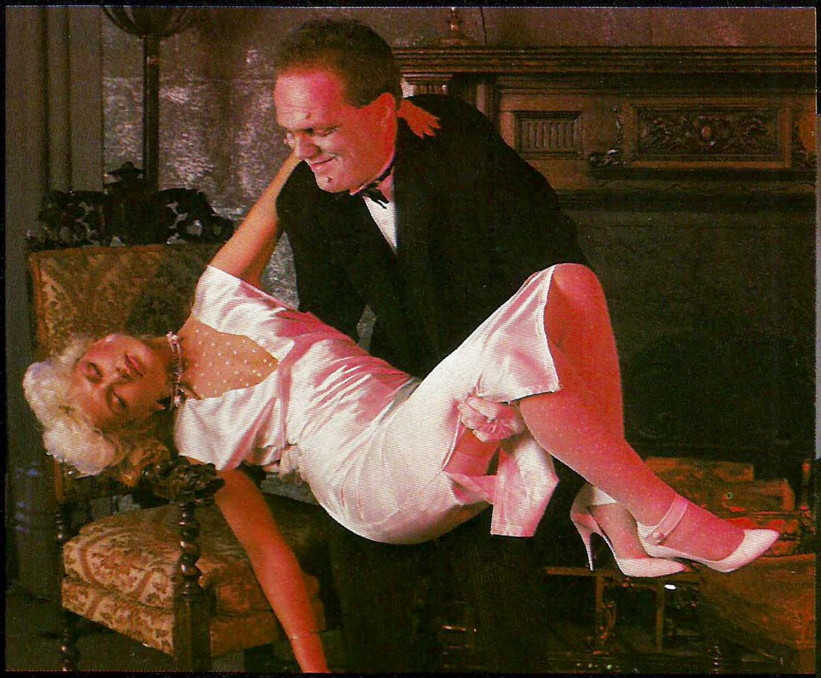
Indra, meanwhile, was whispering in Igor's ear. ''Poison the old bastard,'' she sneered, ''I can handle the girl.''



'So could I!' thought Igor to himself, producing a bottle of incredibly deadly poison.

''Bloody Hell!'' gasped Sir Maudlin, ''Stuff tastes like Red Barrel . . . Aaaarrgh!'' ''Oh Daddy!'' shrieked Ammonia in panic. 'Fucking cheek!' thought Sir Maudlin's departing spirit, 'written out on the fifth page — ungrateful bastards!'

Meanwhile, overcome by something to do with the plot, Ammonia wrestled in a rage with Indra's flimsy dress until her tits popped out. Then, for an equally inexplicable reason, Ammonia fainted.

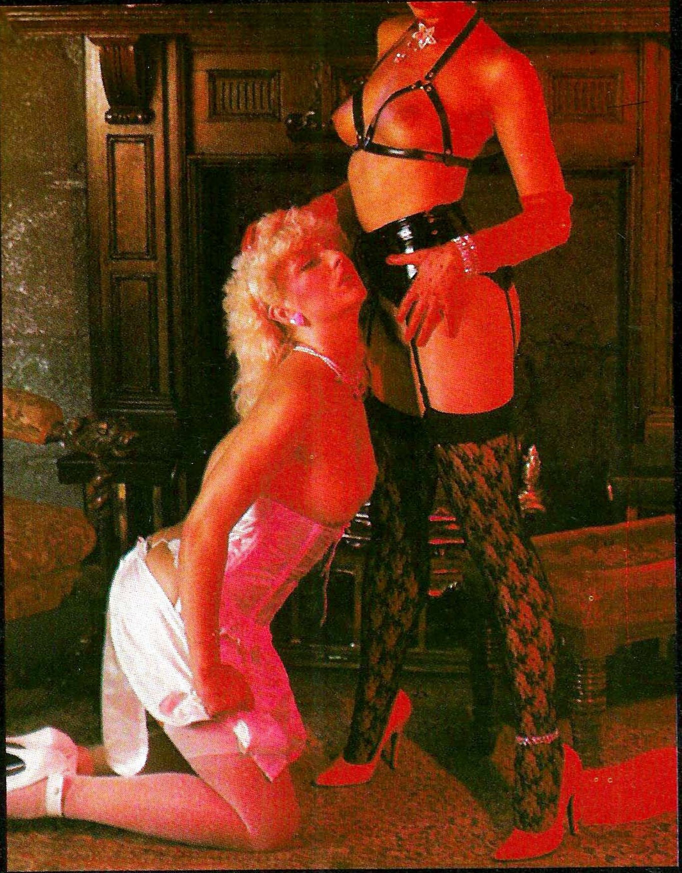


''Take them away, Igor,'' cried Indra. ''The girl to the couch, the old man — into the snow. The wolves will feed tonight!'' 'Christ,' thought Igor, 'they must have won away . . .'

''At last you're mine, to do with as I will!'' crowed Indra lustfully, ''but first I must hypnotise you into removing your crucifix . . . .''

''I thought you'd never ask,'' breathed Ammonia gratefully, ''it's no fun being Goody fucking Twoshoes, you know. I haven't had a decent line yet. Is this the bit where we do all the rude stuff?''

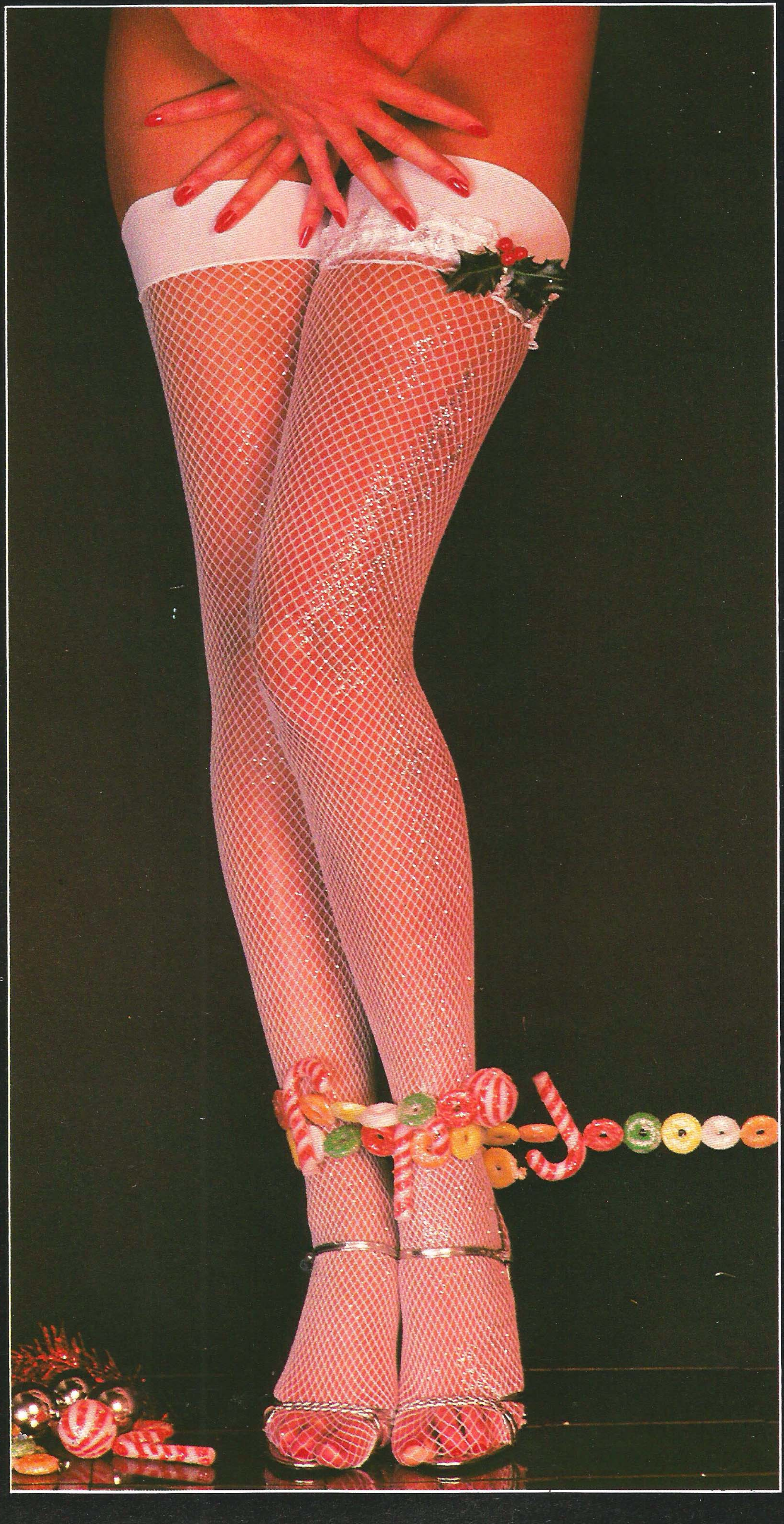
Indra nodded. ''Great!'' squealed Ammonia, ''wanna sit on my face?''



Later, under the calculating gaze of the evil Mr. Thrust, something or other is consumated and both girls, despite their brash and brazen cockiness, realise that the Women's Institute will never accept them now. ''I knew you wanted my body really,'' smiled Indra sleepily. Johnny smiled grimly. 'Wrong honey,' he thought to himself, 'I think she wants your job . . .'

VAMPIRE CHRISTMAS
KNAVE MAGAZINE

COCKTAIL SHAKE-UP!



Fed up with the same boring old piss-up every Christmas? Want something with a little more sparkle than lager and lime? *Alex Kernaghan* has a few exotic alcoholic suggestions that might appeal to your taste buds — if not your stomach.

Lighting Up Time
Generous measure of sparkling wine
(Dry Champagne if you can afford it)
1 part Cointreau
1 part Marashino
Dash of Angostura bitters
1 tbs. clear honey

No shaking for this one. Just stir with ice in a large bar glass (or whatever's handy) and pour.

The Stocking Filler
1 part Campari
1 part vodka
1 part pure orange
Splash of ginger-ale

Frost the rim of your glass with powdered sugar. Shake, strain and pour carefully. Decorate with cherry and sprig of mint.

The Long Slow Screw Up Against The Mantlepiece

1 part Grand Marnier
1 part dry gin
Juice of half an orange
Squeeze of lemon juice
Dash of orange bitters
Top up with lemonade

Shake well, strain and pour. Add lemonade last. Sprinkle with cinnamon.

Christmas Kisses

1 part Creme de menthe
1 part Bacardi rum
Half part dry vermouth
3 parts fresh lime juice
1 dash cayenne pepper

Shake, strain and pour. Decorate with a spring of mistletoe.

Snow Queen

1 part yellow Chartreuse
1 part Maraschino
2 parts egg-white (beaten and fluffy)
1 part fresh cream
1 tbsp. apricot juice
Few splashes of Grenadine

Take it slowly with this one. Pour your Chartreuse, Maraschino and apricot juice over loads of crushed ice in your cocktail glass. Spoon in your egg-white. Pour the fresh cream on over the back of a spoon. Then a few dashes of Grenadine. Voila!

Cold Turkey

4 tsps coffee
1 egg
1 part Cognac
1 part port
Sugar
Dash Worcestershire sauce

Well, you did ask for it; now let's see if we can salvage what's left of your head and stomach!

Beat the egg in the cocktail shaker and add to the coffee, Cognac, port and Worcestershire sauce. Add sugar to taste. Shake the mixture (no ice) and serve in a large goblet. Try to get it down in one or two swigs. Then keep your fingers crossed.

Marriage Guidance

BILL LYTHGOE, his eyes continually scanning the smaller items in the newspapers, offers small comfort . . .

Marriage is one of our most enduring institutions but should you spend the rest of your life in an institution? Read on and find out.

Q. I'm not married, so why do I need marriage guidance?

A. You don't realise it, of course, or you wouldn't be asking, but if more people like you sought the advice of experts — or of anyone at all — the world would be a far happier place. Before you get married is precisely the time that you need most guidance. That's where most counsellors go wrong; they only try to help people after they're married, when it's usually far too late.

Q. I'm married already. Is there no hope for me?

A. Do not despair. There is a useful little device called divorce which can come in very handy. In January 1984, after 25 divorces, Glynn Wolfe, aged 75, married for the 26th time. His 38-year-old partner was his oldest to date, all the rest having been under 23. Mr Wolfe recommends marriage, considering it "the greatest adventure next to death," even though it has cost him over a million dollars in alimony.

On his 76th birthday in July 1984, Mr Wolfe filed his divorce papers. His wife had become a celebrity and spent too much time out dancing. She also ate sunflower seeds in bed, an unforgivable habit in her husband's book. He is now "looking a buzzard for another cutie" to be wife number 27. So you could follow Mr Wolfe's example and start all over again. Just remember to take serious advice before plunging into marriage.

Q. Should I get married at all?

A. A crucial question. Why buy a book when you can go to the library every week? Better men than I have advised against it. George Bernard Shaw said, "Marriage is a mantrap baited with simulated accomplishments and delusive idealisations."

H.L. Mencken warned that, "no man is genuinely happy, married, who has to drink worse gin than he used to drink when he was single." And W.C. Fields cautioned, "Never try to impress a woman! Because if you do she'll expect you to keep up the standard for the rest of your life. And the pace, my friends, is devastating."

If you are determined to ignore their advice and read on, fair enough. But don't say you haven't been warned.

Photographic Illustration by Kim

Q. Is marriage becoming more fashionable?

A. There are endless surveys producing tonnes of statistics on matrimony and most of them are well worth ignoring. Why should you be influenced by what other people do anyway? But for the record, the number of marriages increased very slightly last year — mostly because of divorced people re-marrying. Some interesting statistics emerged in 1981. It was found that in Australia there were 3,287,035 married men but only 3,264,179 married women!

Q. Will I ever find the perfect wife?

A. No, but it is useful to know what your ideal woman is like so that when you meet a new girl you can compare her qualities with your checklist and proceed accordingly. My idea of perfection is a deaf and dumb nymphomaniac who owns a pub but I've had to settle for a 33.3% success rate. My wife talks a lot and I'm quite often sober.

Q. Where should I look for a suitable wife?

A. Start at the top with the new edition of Burke's Peerage, available to all for only £60. It features a list of the eligible daughters of lords, dukes, earls and so forth with handy notes on pedigree, titles and wealth. Unfortunately, photographs and track records on jumping ability are not appended and punters will have to conduct their own research into these aspects.

Or you could visit the little Irish town of Lisdoonvarna in September when men from all over Ireland pay matchmaker Jim White, a former deputy in the Irish Parliament, £15 per head to be introduced to members of the opposite sex. Most fail in the attempt to find a wife and repair happily to one of the town's pubs, which stay open all night in honour of the occasion.

A less expensive alternative would be to follow the example of wealthy Texan shipping magnate Clifton J. Webster Junior and advertise for a wife in the British press. Over 80 eager brides-to-be responded and Mr Webster had conducted in-depth interviews with 27 of them before it was discovered that he was in fact an unemployed Dubliner, Mr Chris Murphy. "I still haven't found the right woman for me," complained Mr Murphy and added, "I need a few days' rest to get my breath back before meeting any more."

Q. I have found a woman who seems to suit my requirements. How should I go about ensuring that she marries me?

A. Feel free to do your own thing. There are no hard and fast rules of courtship, although generally speaking, hard rules are better than fast ones. Most women would agree with Mae West that a hard man is good to find. Avoid being upstaged, though, by animals or children. This applies to courting performance even more than it does to an actor's performance on stage or screen.

Q. Animals?

A. Yes. Mr Stephen Burton of Staffordshire noticed an attractive girl sitting in her car in a traffic jam. He started to chat to her and discovered that she liked animals. Hearing this, he decided to show her his gerbil. (Q. His what? A. His gerbil. It's a burrowing rodent of the subfamily Gerbillinae, inhabiting hot dry regions and having soft pale fur. Collins English Dictionary. O.K.?)

The gerbil suddenly wriggled out of Mr Burton's hand and jumped into the lady's lap. She screamed, her foot rammed down on the accelerator and the car smashed into a van, causing £800 worth of damage.

Q. Children?

A. Yes. Don't get her pregnant.

Q. Should I have sex before marriage?

A. You're asking the wrong question. It's that word 'before' that rankles. 'Sex before marriage' is a dangerous phrase, a conspiracy of the so-called Permissive Society to con us into believing that marriage has to follow sex in the same way that night follows day. Why not 'sex instead of marriage'?

If the question had merely been "Should I have sex?" then the answer could have been an unqualified "yes". Have it whenever, wherever and with whomsoever you choose, although I suppose you will want to draw the line somewhere. Personally I draw the line at homosexuality — I'm scared of trying it in case I like it. Which brings me to the cautionary tale of a 60-year-old man from Birmingham, Alabama. He didn't have sex before marriage and was somewhat dismayed when he discovered, too late, that his bride was a man.

Q. Are there any other sexual practices that I should avoid?

A. Well, evidence from around the world suggests that kissing can be a very hazardous occupation. A 15-year-old Italian girl sustained a broken jaw which the doctors who treated her attributed to "overly passionate kisses."

The British Journal of Sexual Medicine warns that love bites that break the skin can cause 'septic shock and death'. And in New York people have been admitted to hospital suffering from bites on the ear, nose, genitals, fingers, toes and nipples. Doctors say that an even greater danger exists from bites which are difficult to diagnose "because some people have incomplete dentures."

Q. One wife doesn't seem to be enough for me. Can I have another?

A. If you insist upon being a glutton for punishment there are ways and means, but it isn't easy. It's against the law for a start. Mr Giovanni Vigliotto, on trial in Phoenix, Arizona in 1983 was alleged to have committed bigamy — or should it have been polygamy?

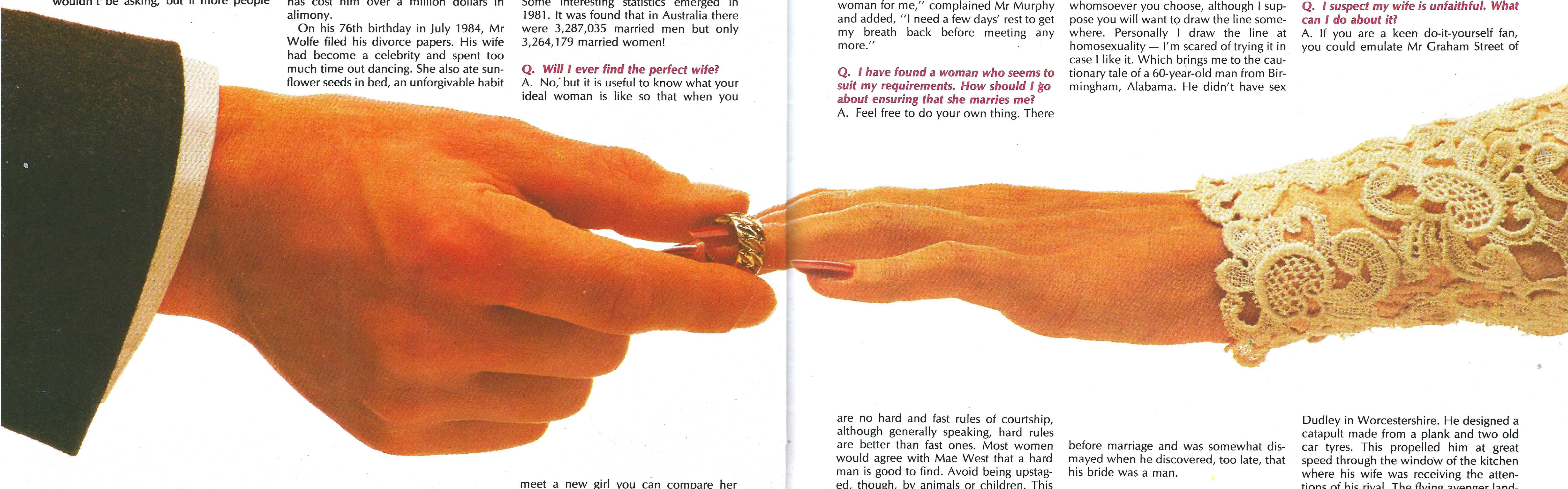
His lawyer said, "Vigliotto went through wedding ceremonies with more than 100 women in the past few years. He offered to these women an opportunity to withdraw from the humdrum of life and be treated as queens, as all of us like." The court turned down his plea of insanity and, as if he hadn't suffered enough, sentenced him to 34 years in jail.

Q. I suspect my wife is unfaithful. What can I do about it?

A. If you are a keen do-it-yourself fan, you could emulate Mr Graham Street of Dudley in Worcestershire. He designed a catapult made from a plank and two old car tyres. This propelled him at great speed through the window of the kitchen where his wife was receiving the attentions of his rival. The flying avenger landed head first in the sink and slid slowly to the floor. He pleaded guilty to £1.49 worth of damage to the window.

Q. All my devious efforts to keep my marriage alive have failed. What do you advise?

A. Take heart from the aforementioned Mr Wolfe and pop singer Cher, who says that "the only grounds for divorce in California is marriage." This, I think, is where we came in . . .



The Father Christmas Interview.

Knave Bangs In The Big One! Yes, only Knave brings you an interview with the man whose name in on everybody's lips at the moment. NEIL GAIMAN and KIM NEWMAN bring you . . . Father Christmas!

Santa Claus doesn't give interviews. No way. It would be easier to arrange an exclusive chat with Howard Hughes or Elvis. And they're both dead. For a start, Santa Claus spends 364 days a year at the North Pole. And on the other day, he's busy. Nevertheless, we at Knave thought it essential that our Christmas bumper issue come complete with a few words from Santa, even a polite 'no comment' or a rude 'naff off'.

We started out by calling a Rube Goldbrix of the William Morris Agency. Goldbrix has been handling Santa's press and publicity machine for well over four centuries and if anyone could get us an 'in', it was he. "Santa don't talk to no-one, bub," snapped Goldbix, "specially not to no crummy men's magazine. He said no to *Playboy*, he said no to *Time*, he said no

Photographic Illustration by Raphael

FATHER CHRISTMAS INTERVIEW

Continued from previous page

to *Rolling Stone*. He won't even appear on *Wogan*. And you expect him to appear in a rag that carries ads for marital aids? Santa has got a sackful of things to fill up stockings, but you hang up a black leather corset and you get diddly-squat, buster!"

"But you will ask him?"

"Sure, I'll *ask* him. But you're wasting my time. Maybe I could fix you up with the Tooth Fairy? He's got a new record coming out and could use the promo . . ."

"We'll get back to you," we said, under the impression that we had wasted our editor's money on the transatlantic phone call.

So, imagine our surprise — no, imagine our delighted amazement — when the office received a reverse charges call from the arctic.

"Gaiman, Newman," boomed a gruff voice. "Dis is the North Pole here. Guess who?"

"Superman, calling from his Fortress of Solitude?"

"Nahh, c'mon, gimme a break, guys . . ."

"The *Blue Peter* Transpolar Expedition?"

"Nahh, but I can't say me peter ain't blue most of the year. You ever tried taking a leak at twenty below?"

"Cousin Ron?" said Gaiman desperately, **"we thought you were in Australia. How's the wife?"**

"Heyy, what's with this 'cousin Ron' crap, you crudlickers. It's me. Nick."

"But," said Newman, **"we don't know any Nicks at the North Pole."**

"Whaaat?" said Nick, "fahcrissake. *Santa* Nick, dork breath! You know, Father Christmas, Kris Kringle, Santa Claus, the guy in the red dressing gown with a sack. You know (sings) 'Rudolf the red-nosed reindeer, had a very shiny tra-la-la' etcetera. Remember the reindeer? Dancer and Prancer, Donner and Blitzen, Sleepy and Bashful, and . . . er . . . the others."

"No shit, Santa. Well . . . um . . . er but . . ."

"I'm a big Knave reader, y'know. I'd like to see more of Jacqui from Slough. Is she into snow? When do ya wanna do the interview?"

"Whenever would be convenient with you."

"Shit, I've got a quality control inspection on the toys this evening. Some snotty brat in Iowa swallowed a lego tractor last year, and he's still in a coma. His blasted family have got all these friggin' lawyers and consumer groups around my neck. Lemme see. I can fit you in this afternoon. You know the North Pole?"

". . . er . . . well . . ."

"Fine. I'll send a sleigh for you."

It's a hoax, we thought. It's got to be a joke. Santa Claus doesn't speak to *anyone*. We were still laughing and plotting our revenge on those guys on Fiesta who think they're *so* funny when we heard the jingle of sleigh bells from the roof of the Galaxy Building. Steph the secretary gave us a buzz and told us there was a really short blue-faced bloke with a bobble hat in reception for us. The elf, Jack Clodfeatures, escorted us up to the express sleigh. We were passed through the metal detector and strapped into seats. The in-flight movie was *The Miracle on 34th Street*.

In two hours, we were in the plush executive offices of the Santa Claus Corporation. The first thing that impressed us was the array of signed testimonials and honorary doctorates plastering the walls; then, we took in the piles of toys, old and new, that littered the floors; and finally our attention was drawn to the open safe, bulging with the currencies of all nations. The sight re-awoke the child in us and we rejoiced in the prospect of many a happy hour spent playing with the toy soldiers, the board games, the plastic spaceships, and the thousand-dollar bills we eagerly helped ourselves to. Then, the man himself made his entrance . . .

> ***"Awww, guys," he moaned, "you don't want me to wear those old threads do ya? I get so — burp — pissed off with red and white."***

Out of uniform, Santa wears an off-white sweatshirt, baggy jeans and a New York Yankees baseball cap. He had to be bribed with a six-pack of Budweiser to get him into his traditional outfit for the photographer. "Awww, guys" he moaned, "you don't want me to wear those old threads do ya? I get so — burp — pissed off with red and white." After posing professionally for a while, he stripped his duds with a sigh and got on with the interview. He dug up a pint of Jack Daniels from under a heap of cuddly toys and poured us all generous shots.

"There's ice outside," he said. "In fact, there isn't anything else. Ho ho ho."

It was the first time we'd ever experienced the legendary Santa Claus Laugh™. It sounded rather like rocks falling from a great height into a vat of *crème de menth*.

"So, boys," said Santa. "Whaddaya wanna know about the Chris biz? You wanna know if I get laid up here? 'Cause I can tell you right now I ain't tellin'."

"Fine, fine. It's a really nice place you got here. We know what you do on December 24th, but what about the rest of the year?"

"Mostly, I answer my mail. I get a helluva lot of post from all over the globe. Here, you can sit in on one of my letter-answering sessions. Miss Frosty!"

A female elf in a smart two-piece suit staggered in and dumped an elephantine sack of scribbled letters on Santa's desk.

He reached in and pulled out a fistful of envelopes. He ripped one open with his teeth.

"It's from some kid in London W9. 'Dear Santa, please bring me a Masters of the Universe Anal Vibrator. I hope you are very well, love Alan.' Take dictation, Miss Frosty. 'Dear Alan, I have sent copies of your letter to your parents, your headmaster, your priest, and your school notice board. Merry Christmas, Nick.' Little bastards, always pestering me for freebies. Let's see what the other grasping gits want." He glanced at a few more letters. "Jeez. This reply will do for the next hundred or so, Miss Frosty. 'Dear Blank, we are out of Care Bears Toys just now, so I am sending you a lump of frozen sick.' You can answer the rest yourself, it's making me tired. Send them to me for signature. And tell Rachel from Liverpool to send a photo. She might be in for a surprise when she wakes up on Christmas morning."

Observing that the luxurious surroundings must cost quite a bit of money, we asked Santa how it was financed. "How can you afford to give away all those presents?"

"GIVE! Who the fuck said anything about *giving*, asshole. That makes me so MAD! Have you ever met any dumb jerk who got anything free from me? Okay, so I'm generous, but everybody keeps crawling around for a hand-out. I wish I'd never got into this. I'm rich, okay. Really goddam rich. You want some money? Here, have some money." He pressed bundles of Bank of Toyland bills into our hands. "You wanna know how I got so rich and still gave stuff away? Come on, I'll show you."

He stubbed his cigar out on a handy elf, lit another, and led us through the labyrinthine corridors of the Santa complex to the workshop. It is enormous, and thousands upon thousands of little people are perpetually toiling over computer games, Boy George dolls, Star Wars toys, teddy bears, Bo Derek inflatables, and pop-up books. They were all whistling happily.

"Neat huh?" said Santa. "You see all these little guys here? Working like slaves round the clock for twenty four hours a day 365 days a year. Know how much I pay them? Zilch, that's how much. They get herrings. Maybe a polar bear if they're in season. And all the snow they can eat. Dumb bastards. They tried to get unionised once, but where else can a North Pole elf get a job? Three plate-fulls of herring a day and a roof over their heads. And they're damn grateful, lemme tell you. Once we cornered the toy market, we branched out a little. I got the ideal assembly line workforce here. See, over there, beside the football-sewers, that's Mick Munchkin's team. I switched them over from Mattel spaceships to thermonuclear weapons. We got a couple of defence contracts. Besides toys, we make ballpoint pens, contraceptive sheaths, aspirins, rat-traps, breakfast foods, computer software, jumbo jets, electron microscopes, fondue sets, lawnmowers. The lot."

"But the toys. They remain your leading export."

"Sure, we got a heavy brand loyalty going for us. Hell, even the Koreans can't turn junk out this cheap. But that's not all we got going on the moneymaking side. Have you ever wondered how come I can be in all those stores, grottos, and streets in December? I'll let you in on a trade secret. It ain't really me."

> ***"It's a franchise. Any shop or charity wants a fat dildo to dress up in red and a beard has to fork over a commission . . ."***

"No!" we said, shocked.

"It's a franchise. Any shop or charity wants a fat dildo to dress up in red and a beard has to fork over a commission, plus a percentage of the take. Know how much I get from Harrod's?" He whispered an unbelievable figure to us. "That's how much. And it's international."

"How about the movie?"

"I don't want to talk about that heap of crap. Listen, kid. Never deal with Hollywood. They wouldn't know how to treat you straight if you were a twelve-inch ruler. I told them to cast Redford, but who did they get? Some fat guy in a beard. Cheez, I've been trying to shake that image for five hundred years. I've dieted. I've got into aerobics. But always I get this fat guy crap. Fat guy crap! Fat guy crap! Do I look fat to you?"

"Well . . ." we said, crossing our fingers behind our backs, **"not exactly *fat*, but, you know, kind of . . ."**

"Yeah, exactly. I'm *comfortable*. That's what the kids want. How come Liberace or Gary Glitter never get any of this fat guy crap. You know what they are . . . fucking enormous! That Boy George, now there's a real jellybelly. And Richard Baker, talk about dirigibles! More goddam drinks, Twinky!"

A quivering elf came forward with three more bottles. Santa drained two, and shared the third with us. We asked him how he got into the business.

"I was always into chimneys. Don't you think there's something erotic about a chimney?"

"Well . . . no . . ."

"Goddam faggots! Anyway, I knocked around for a while, working as a short order cook, tuna fisherman, lumberjack, hired gun, gold prospector, science fiction writer. The usual. Then I thought, 'Nick, you're wasting your life. You're six hundred years old, and what have you got to show for it? A beard, a stomach, and twenty million dollars. Don't seem like much, do it?' Then one night I got blind drunk and had this terrific idea. Why don't I dress up in a red costume and head for the North Pole to start a toy factory with elf labour? I don't know why nobody thought of it before.

"So, I got the works going, building up for the big Christmas blitz. Then, I got word that the Easter Bunny was working on some giving-presents-to-all-the-children-in-the-world deal. It was exactly my system! The bastard was gonna rip me off. He's always been jealous that Christmas is more popular than Easter. I mean, we give you the whole turkey, he only comes up with a lousy egg. That frigging rodent wants the Queen to give an *Easter* speech. And people to get drunk and disgrace themselves at Good Friday parties. But I got the goods on that fluffy dope fiend and blew his cover wide open. I found out that his old man was Adolf von Rabbitsch, a Nazi rat! I leaked the story to the tabloids, and his whole philanthropy act fell through. Pathetic creep. How can anyone with floppy ears and a basket of eggs be taken seriously?"

We asked him if there was anything else he was working on.

"Well, there is, but it ain't finished yet. Whatthehell — the story will have to break sometime, and it might as well be in a magazine with Jacqui from Slough in it! It's big. It's really goddam big. I mean, it's so biiiig . . ." he broke off. "Heck, I'll show you. Follow me."

He lead the way down a winding passage, carved from ice.

"I got the idea from that Disney guy, with his Disneyland and his Disneyworld, all based on some squeaky-voiced rodent who I happen to know is a goddam faggot! I thought, if people will hand over good dough just to see some friggin' *rodent*, why don't I pull the same scam?"

We turned a corner.

"He we are, fellas. Santa's Merry Grottoworld!" He flicked a switch. Neon lights forty feet high rose out of the ice, flashing SANTA'S MERRY GROTTOWORLD™ at us in pulsating pink and garish green, and a huge gate swung open. The lights of Fairyland shone out on us: it was entrancing, hypnotic, like revisiting one's childhood again, the old magic of Christmas . . .

"I'LL FUCKIN' KILL HIM!" screamed Santa. "Where's the music? *Where's the goddam music*?" He picked up the phone. "Switchboard? Gimme Spector. Yeah, Phil — I thought I told you to fix it so the music started as soon as the gates opened! Yeah . . . okay, so fix the frig-

FATHER CHRISTMAS INTERVIEW

Continued from previous page

gin' subliminals, but get it running by Tuesday for the test run! And I want all the bugs out!"

He led us through a gate. "The Grottoworld divides into four parts. This is the first — SantaLand."

He escorted us into a snow-covered grotto, in which animatronic robots, (each with a red suit, a white beard, and a suspicious resemblance to Robert Redford) stood outside the entrances to various enclosures, and he gave us a running commentary as we went:

"Now that's Santa's Sleighride, where you climb on these models of the reindeer — Dasher and Dancer and Harry and Milton and the guys — then you get zoomed round in a circle at seventy miles an hour until you chuck your lunch. All the best funfairs have a ride like that. Next to it is our SANTASNOW™ Candyfloss Stall. Here, have some, on the house."

We did, and then we spat it out. **"But — it's *snow*!"**

"Yup. Helluva lot cheaper than spun sugar, and there's no problem with supplies. We also use it for our SANTASNOW™ Ice creams — you want a Regular (that's unflavoured) or a Yellow Peril (that's from the back of the reindeer cages)? Neither? Suit yourselves."

"Could we try some of the other areas?"

"Sure can. Now, here's PartyLand. What do you think when you think 'Christmas'? You think 'Party!' huh? Am I goddam right? Sure I am!

"Here's our first ride — The Office Party."

We climbed onto a couple of gigantic toadstools, which whizzed us rapidly off into the depths of . . . an office party. Fat girls from the typing tool pressed trembling old accountants to their huge bosoms; cheap red wine was served, in paper cups one of which dissolved every three minutes, permanently ruining somebody's best suit; an animatronic boss came down, waved at everybody, kissed the least ugly office girl under the mistletoe and dragged her back up to his office; mind-curdlingly loud music cleared the dancefloor of everybody, except somebody-in-advertising's awful wife, who attempted a strip can-can to a disco beat and ruined her husband's chances of promotion . . .

"Why would anybody wait a whole year for something like this when they could experience it every fifteen minutes in PartyLand?" our host asked.

We shook our heads, unable to force words through nerveless lips.

"The next PartyLand ride we charge a little extra for, and it's, uh, adults only."

"What is it?"

"That's the Teenage Christmas Party. You want to try it?"

As he spoke, an animatronic fourteen-year-old staggered out of the front door of the exhibit, vomited liquid plastic (surprisingly realistic) at our feet, and crawled back inside. While the door was open we heard cries of 'Sydney, take your hands off!', 'I put an aspirin in her fruit punch', and *'Someone's* got to eat the garlic bread. Me Mum made it *special*!'

No, we told him, we didn't want to try it. Actually, we elaborated, we wouldn't mind leaving PartyLand altogether.

"Suit yourselves, but you're missing some great parties! Now if we go down here — just follow that star — we get to NativityLand. We got rides on Oxen and Assen; you can actually help to deliver the baby Jesus (it's incredible what they can do with robots these days); you can attend choruses of adoration given by the Abbahood of Fizz Angelic Choir; we got shepherds, with real sheep (another adults only ride, I'm afraid). Then there's the rifle range we built to look like a church hall, with these little kids acting a nativity play at the far end: for £2 a throw you get a chance to bazooka them to kingdom come. Fun, huh? Real Ammo. For a few bucks more you can do it with real kids. Then over here we sell these great plastic halos. Glow in the dark and everything, just like Mary, Joseph and wossname. Then there are the three wise men, with their concession stores . . ."

> ***"Then over here we sell these great plastic halos. Glow in the dark and everything, just like Mary, Joseph and wossname . . ."***

"Concession stores?"

"Yup. Gold American Express Cards, Frankincense Aftershave Pour L'Homme, and Beer. You wanna go in?"

Gaiman looked at Newman, and Newman looked at Gaiman. We knew that NativityLand was not for us. **"What else is there?"**

He grinned. "Let's hop a sleigh for ChristmasLand!"

Our first impression of ChristmasLand was of an *enormous* hall, covered with decorations: paper chains looped from walls; there were gorgeously decorated Christmas trees, replete with glass balls and fairies on top; there were snowdrifts of crackers; there were mountains of blue-flamed puddings; hordes of tweeting robins hopped up and down hundreds of yule logs; boughs of holly decked the halls; mistletoe festooned the oaken rafters; stockings hung in their troops from bedposts; Bing Crosby crooned *White Christmas* from a thousand concealed speakers.

It was Christmas. It was heaven.

We began to tell Santa this, but he shook his head. "Sorry guys, I should've warned you. It ain't finished."

"What more can there be?"

"The *people*, that's what. The robots haven't arrived from the workshops yet. If you thought they were good before, wait till you see these — frigging state of the art!" He pointed to the countless television sets scattered all over the enormous hall. Each was showing either *The Sound of Music* (BBC 1), *Moonraker* (ITV) *Frank and Dennis's Christmas My Music* (BBC 2) or *Je Vous Aimez, Eric et Rover et Achmed* — with subtitles — (Channel 4).

"In front of every set we got slumped a whole family, passed out or mindlessly chewing turkey sandwiches, nobody talking. Everybody's wearing something disgusting they just got given by an Aunt or Cousin they haven't seen all year and never want to see again. We got kids in the corners smashing their Sinclair Computers or My Ickle Poopoo Dolls with the Black and Decker Power-Drills their Daddies gave their Mummies, or exploding their new pets in the Microwave Ovens their Mummies gave their Daddies. Every half hour a grandmother suggests they play Charades like Una Stubbs on the telly.

"Then we got tradesmen robots who come to the door every five minutes to wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and to put out their hands for a tip of twenty quid which if not immediately forthcoming means your lawn will be strewn with rubbish, your mail torn in half, and your milk pissed in for the rest of the year. We got great games, like riding around in the cold for a thirty mile drive on Christmas morning to find a garage that's open for the batteries that weren't included in the Star Wars Battleblaster Zapotron you bought for your son, and another game where you have to get Christmas cards to people (who you didn't buy cards for as you didn't expect one from them) who then *did* get you cards, and . . ."

"But where's the Christmas Spirit?"

"That's the Running-Out-of-Booze-on-Boxing-Day Game."

"This is horrible! Disgusting! It's foul! All of it! Why would anybody *ever* pay good money to come here and see and do all these terrible things?"

Santa boomed his merry laugh, and ran a hand through his white beard. "C'mon guys. Everybody loves Christmas. It's the season of jollity and merriment, of Peace on Earth and Goodwill Unto Men. The mugs will roll in. Shit — if that Disney guy could get them along to see his fruity little rat and a *duck* with a goddam *speech impediment*, then they'll *flock* to Santa's Merry GrottoWorld!"

And we knew, deep down in our wallets, that he was right.

We walked back to his office, passing a workshop in which a multitude of tiny elves were hard at work creating animatronic robot mothers-in-law, each with a loose dental plate and a drink problem.

We heaved a collective sigh. **"Thank you for the interview, is there anything you would like to say to your billions of fans?"**

"Yeah. Merry Christmas, everybody. Ho fucking ho fucking ho. How was that?"

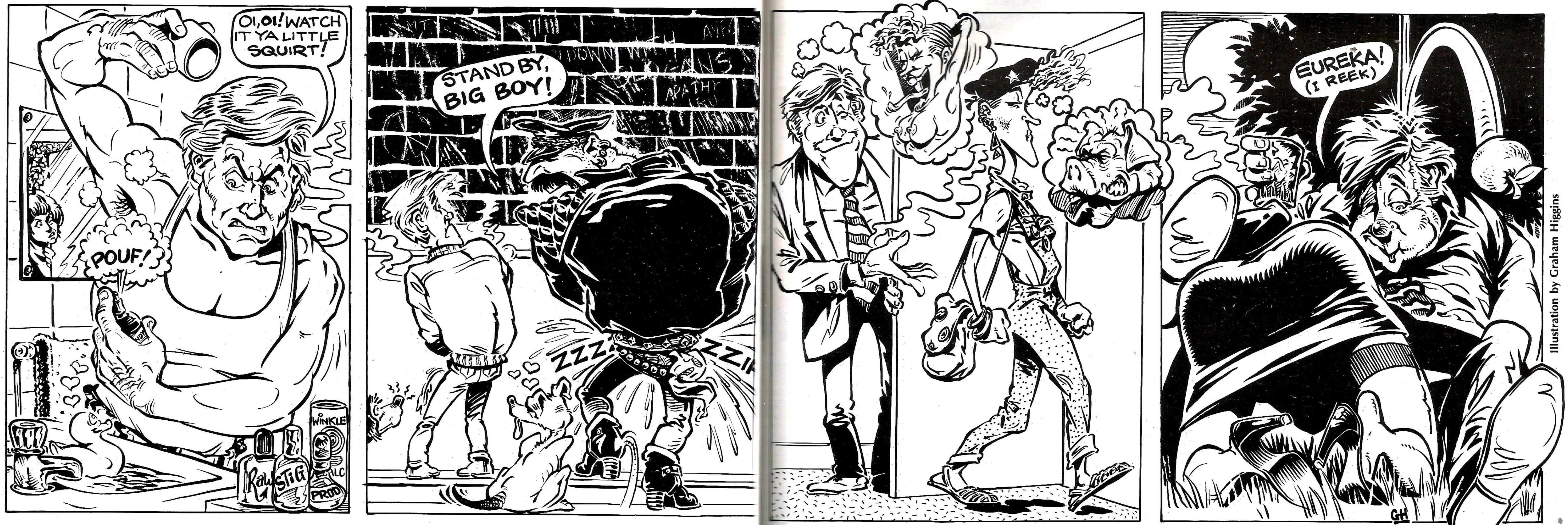


Illustration by Graham Higgins

STINKY WRIST JOB

JOHN WILKES investigates one of those 'instant aphrodisiac' sprays-for-men and concludes that 'Pheremones Can Seriously Damage Your Teeth!'

You'll have heard about pheremones. "The wonder male sex scent" and all that. Just spray your wrists and the girls strip off and chase you down the street, tongues hanging out. You probably think it's all a con. But John Wilkes has tried it and it works — on all the wrong people.

I'd sue the manufacturers, but I'd only look a cunt. And it was my own fault. I bought the stuff and sprayed it on my wrists quite deliberately. I didn't expect it to *work*, that's all. Well, all those years of trying wonder sex drugs makes you cynical. None of them make anything happen. Pheremones do though — all the wrong things.

It seemed safe enough. I know what it is. It's Boarmate, mate, that's what it is. The stuff the farmers spray around the piggery to get the sows hot and the original male chauvinist pig up on his hind hoofs makin' bakin'. The only risk seemed to be an indecent approach by a Large White down Smithfield way.

"Fancy a snout-job big boy?"

So there it was in its fancy bottle with its fancy price tag on the side. A quick squirt and — sheesh! It smells like double-distilled essence of old underpants. My old underpants to be precise.

"You wasted your money," said my wife. "You smell like that anyway on a hot day."

Only a strong man can take that sort of comment as a compliment. But I saw at once that it only meant my level of androstenone (the stuff's formal handle, I'll just call it Andy) was naturally high. Which is why I'm a born leader of men and lover of women.

I'll say this for 'Andy,' it had an immediate and powerful effect on my wife — she left to stay with her brother for a few days. Sniffing loudly.

To be fair, the trip was planned beforehand. I'd arranged my tests to coincide. After all, if I was to be followed home by queues of naked girls in varying states of delirium, neither of us wanted *her* to know about it. She said she rather liked the reek and drove off. Sniggering.

So it was down the chippy for lunch. At the end of the street I heard a shuffling and jingling sound behind me. Sex mad women? No. Two ugly mongrels. By the time I reached the chip shop there were four loathsome beasts on my tail. It was turning out just like the ad said. Red hot bitches following me, noses twitching, tongues hanging out, all gazing at me with a deep yearning in their eyes.

I came back through the park. It was a mistake. Another three joined my fan club. I checked them out cautiously. All fucking DOGS. One a big bristling one with a massive erection. He eyed me lustfully.

I panicked. Charged into the bog and made with the soap and water. I never go into that particular public pisser as a rule. It's a poufda's paradise. There were two of them there when I dashed in. They left immediately, making waspish remarks about "some people". I supposed I'd interrupted a budding romance. But two weeks of wearing the stuff has shown me that poufs *hate* it. Funny, you'd think they'd be attracted to male sex scent. Maybe it's the way I wear it.

I have a couple of poufy friends. About a week after the dog scare I had to go round to their gay commune to talk about scripting a documentary. I deliberately went reeking of boarmate. It was a bad meeting. Even my friends seemed uneasy. The rest of the group hated me on sight. Bad feeling ensued. I was not, it seemed the right person to do the script. I was not sympathetic to the gay community.

Well, I'm not. But I always managed to hide it well enough to get some good stories out of them before. I put it down the the whiff of 'Andy'.

Which suggests a new market the manufacturers haven't thought of. There are hundreds of heterosexual men out there who, for no good reason, find themselves embarrassingly attractive to homosexuals. I know a bloke who couldn't go to a public place without some faggot hanging around him saying how wonderful he was. He got scared to go out alone.

So there you go chaps. Stick your 'Andy' in red bottles. Draw a dead pansy on the front. Call it 'Faggot-off' and you'll make a killing. It certainly killed my script. That's £700 you owe me.

I did the first major sex test on my two deputies — the other women. Usually one other woman is all I can handle, but right now I have two. Well, right then I had two, to be precise.

One a lovely clinging vine who was beginning to get too involved for marital comfort. The other a witty, libby, writer lady who I was hoping would take over. She wasn't the marrying type, and more fun than clinging vine. There was a crazy mixed up reaction in sex with her. She loved to be overpowered, wrestled to the ground and ravished, and at the same time she felt *she* ought to be taking the initiative. It made things interesting.

I took Libby out to dinner. It was the sort of restaurant where you can feel your wallet shrivelling up at the sight of the prices — like your balls in cold water. Over the gold-plated artichoke hearts she told me I should take a bath more often. Miffed, I told her her teeth were discoloured.

We quarrelled over the rack of lamb. We quarrelled over feminism actually, but the rack of lamb was on the table.

I was vicious. Which was odd, because, although I'm the scourge of women's lib in print, in conversation I prefer a cowardly approach. But I got on how 'eight-orificed person' is the only scientific non-sexist definition of women. How men were seven orificed persons, with one orifice longer than the others. My usual writing line. She got cross. I got cross. Wearing that 'Andy' makes you aggressive if you ask me. She said I was behaving like a dominating boor, and I was — boormate again.

We go back to her flat in a weird pair of moods. She thought she was feeling randy. I wrestled her to the bed. And then she started fighting for real. I stopped. It's no fun like that.

I called her next day. She answered in a false voice and said she was out. Three days of wearing 'Andy' — one woman less. Great!

Clinging vine was quite the opposite. Usually very shy and demure, she had my trousers off before I'd been in her place five minutes. Four exhausting hours later she said she loved me. Then she asked me straight out to leave my wife and live with her.

This was the first time she'd done more than sigh wistfully when I went home. There is *no way*. I make it quite clear to all deputies that there are no hopes of promotion. The position is fixed, immutable and almost entirely horizontal.

She said she'd never speak to me again. She hasn't.

Five days of wearing 'Andy'. Result — two less women, wife away, reduced to wanking. Great!

And I started getting into fights. This was very weird. Down where I come from in the wild West of England, it's not unusual for a bloke to punch you for no good reason. "Who you dicking?" they say. Wallop. But one of the things I like about London is there's none of that. Twelve years I've lived here and not a scrap.

So there I am in Soho early one morning, about 3am. A bloke sways past me, pauses, turns around, barges me and hits me on the jaw. Just like that. Well, I've got to an age and a state of physical fitness when, if a fight lasts more than three minutes, I've had it. So it was in with a quick double hander in the lunch bag.

Pissed as a fart and flabby as hell he started staggering around. When the two cops came round the corner they thought he was shitface drunk. I cabbed off before they found out different.

Then, again, in a pub. Bloke asked me who I thought I was looking at. Just like

STINKY WRIST JOB

Continued from previous page

home. I told him I was reading the price list. He said it was just as well or he'd do me over. And I told him exactly what I thought of his face, his breath, his mother plus what would happen to him if he ever raised a finger to me.

Which is something I never do. It was just like I was eighteen again, the same dung-hill cock bravado. He backed down which was just as well, the state I'm in.

Later on I read the press clippings and it seems there's a plan to spray football stands with deodorant. Because they reckon it's all the 'Andy' floating around that makes the fans fighting mad. Another cutting said it was the smell of Rod Stewart's hairy bits wafting back on the ventilation system that makes the boppers go ape at rock concerts.

So be careful. There should be a health warning on the bottle. STINKING YOUR WRIST UP WITH ANDY CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR TEETH. I've got a jaw now that clicks every time I yawn. Great.

When it comes to strange girls it will be no surprise for you to hear that they do not leap on your 'Andy'-ridden body demanding a mouthful of cock. I rode the tube trains in a haze of the stuff for a week and that never happened once — thank God.

But a certain type of girl *does* tend to sit next to you, even when there is a carriage of empty seats. You want to know what kind? The canine kind. The homely, unlovely, plug-ugly kind.

The pretty girls tend to keep their distance. Maybe they don't feel like competing in the beauty stakes with a really handsome dude like me. Maybe Wrexham will win the cup this season.

A lot of time the seats next to me remained empty, even when the train was crowded. Men certainly kept away. Some sat and fidgeted for one stop then fled and got into the next carriage. And by that time I had learned to go easy on the stuff.

I chatted up every girl who sat next to me. I found that, even though they had chosen to snuggle against me in the middle of an empty auditorium, they weren't all that forthcoming.

Usually I would never chat up strange girls on the tube, it's too bloody embarrassing, so maybe I gave off the wrong signals. But I got five dates out of it.

Two didn't show. One I chickened out of. One led to a really cringe-making couple of hours in a restaurant. She was a nice young solicitor's clerk. After ten minutes she'd forgotten why she'd agreed to come. She found me everything her mother had warned her against. Fast, flash, loose, lacking in social conscience. The sort of bloke whose wedding ring flips out of his pocket when he goes to blow his nose.

The other was success. Slim, chestnut-haired, brooding. A German student over for a two week holiday. She was no sourkraut. Very tasty. But very serious. It took her a week to decide if it was OK to have the naughty fling they used to get over on the first afternoon.

So it was days of prick-teasing. Time was when I thought groping and kissing and seeing how far you could get before she stopped you was a natural part of foreplay. Now it pisses me off.

Finally we did it on her final evening. In the back of my car. I don't think she was a virgin. She put her clogs through the headlining it had just cost me £250 to have fitted. Great.

Don't ask me how much of this was due to 'Andy'. If I had spent a week chatting up every girl that sat next to me without a stinky wrist how would I have done? Could be I'd still have made it with Inge. She was looking for fun and Englishmen and a bit of romance. When I played guitar in the clubs I used to get a lot of eighteen year olds like her hanging around. They didn't used to keep me waiting for a week though. But then I think the decade of the casual one-night stand is going out all over Europe. Pity.

> ***"They didn't used to keep me waiting a week. The decade of the casual one-night stand is going out all over Europe. Pity."***

Spraying seats with 'Andy' can be fun. Do it on the train, in the theatre or at your house; then see who sits on the sprayed seats. Men tend to avoid them and so do liberated-looking women. And so, I regret to say, do pretty girls. Why is this? Could it be that they've had guys pawing them, annoying them, imploring them for years, all stinking up their Y-fronts with natural 'Andy', and it's given them an aversion to the reek? Could be.

One odd thing. I had to see an editor about an article. He was delayed in a meeting somewhere and left his secretary to amuse me. Something worked on *her* alright. She gave me coffee, sat on the sofa next to me and stroked my hair.

She'd heard I hang around with rude photographers and she started asking if she'd make a model. She showed me bits of herself. One tit much bigger than the other, odd that. She was poncing up and down the office with her blouse open and her skirt up round her waist when the big man came in. The look he gave me I didn't need to ask what *he* did for a deputy.

I got the job OK. But *he* came round to *my* place to pick it up and discuss the next one. He said he lived down the road. He did. Fifteen miles down the road. So now I have a reputation as a desperate man with the women. "Don't let him come to the office, he'll have Marion over the filing cabinet in a jiffy. Writes for Knave you know." Great.

None of my tests had been really fair though. It's at a party that you can really get a feel of the stuff. Where you go looking for girls and they go to be looked for. Does 'Andy' really give you that little bit of pull that tips the balance and brings the knickers down in rush?

Mid-summer's night was the crunch test. My oldest friend gave a party that night at his place in Kent. Bloke's more than a friend really, I work with him a lot. I work for him a lot too.

I went well sprayed. Gave a hitchhiker a lift on the way. He said he was going to Dover but he changed his mind and got out a mile down the road. Pouf.

I was a bit disappointed when I got there. It was nearly all couples. I was alone — wife too knackered being up the spout and with a toddler to ride herd on all day. No deputy. Terrible. All the blokes were the sort who want to know how many miles to the gallon my old heap of a car gets. And all the girls asked what I wrote *about*. The most tedious question you can ever ask a writer.

Still, after playing some grotesque bebop over the local trad band (it must have sounded shocking) I cheered up and got lucky. I started having a little scene with a tiny blonde. She danced slow to everything and sniffed my armpits. This one must have been an 'Andy' freak. And she rubbed her belly against my crotch in a friendly way.

It was just coming to that when the wife of my host/friend/boss came and dragged me away. I shouldn't mess with her, I was told, her old man was a local bad john who would break my legs from the inside — which was where he was just then.

I never found if this was true, because this lady, who is big and curly and older than you like to ask, danced me away from the fire into the orchard.

Now I've known Veronica for ten years or more. We get on. We flirt, but we always know where to stop. But during the cuddling 'Andy' took a hand. She slipped down me, undid me and stood me in a brace of shakes. And then she was smearing her lipstick into my pubes.

I was dumbstruck — so was she, but she had her mouth full. There was no stopping it though. We lay down and fucked. It was very very good. We did it again.

And I'm pretty sure, unless one of us shows a lot of self-control (and I have never had any) we are going to do it again. As often as possible.

And of course Mike will find out. And he is not the sort of guy to take it lightly. But I can't resist her. Maybe she'll come to her senses. If she doesn't that's the end of a partnership which I can't afford to lose. Great.

Veronica says she doesn't know what came over her, but I have a suspicion.

Thanks a lot 'Andy', in two weeks and a bit you've lost me two girls, a stone in weight, seven-hundred quid and got me into deep shit.

So it's back to boars for you mate.

I'm going to show the girls a clean pair of wrists from now on.

Amateur Model Competition

READERS' CHOICE WINNER

Rachel

Cast your mind back to last summer, when we brightened up all those cold, rainy days by bringing you the Knave Amateur Model Competition. You, the readers, were asked to select your favourite from the ten lovely Amateur Models on display; and now we are proud to present your choice: Rachel Worthington. Rachel, who first appeared in Vol. 17 No. 6, will soon be jetting off on a week's holiday in the sun thanks to all your votes for her, but not before lucky reader P.D.R. of Sussex enjoys a night out at a London show with Rachel and Polly Rogers, who our professional judges chose as their Amateur Model Competition winner. When Rachel returns to these shivering shores with her sun tan maybe she'll be good enough to let us photograph her again — we hope so! Congratulations, Rachel!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK ROGERS

VEUVE DU VERNAY
BRUT

Continued from page 61.

Penpower

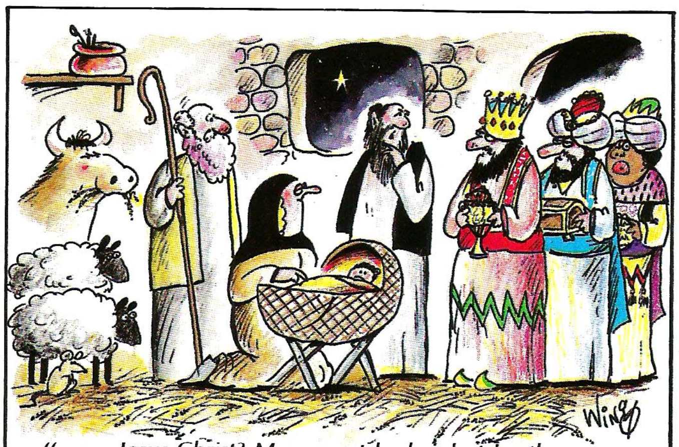
was heaving — he was throwing off his shirt, kicking off his shoes — I was hard against the wall with my legs spread wide and my arms outstretched — his trousers were round his ankles and then he was naked. I cried out at the sight of his cock — it was huge, thick, massive, as black as night with a great giant of a knob — massive balls hung heavy down his great thighs — I sobbed at the sight of his cock. I was so big — so very, very big. I felt my knees buckling and then he was on me. It was in my hands — it throbbed and I could feel the thick veins running along its length and it was so thick in my hands that my fingers didn't reach round it. He was pulling at my dress and I heard the sound of ripping material and then my dress was around my ankles. His hands and his mouth were mauling me and he was kissing and sucking my tits and nipples as his fingers were deep in my sopping wet cunt. With one hand I pulled his face down to mine and then I was kissing and biting him wildly on his lips and ears and neck, and all the time I was rubbing my other hand up and down his huge throbbing black cock. I was making all manner of weird moans and grunts and my thighs were splayed wide as I pressed my crotch hard against his fingers getting them deeper and deeper into my cunt.

"I was hard against the wall with my legs spread wide and my arms outstretched."

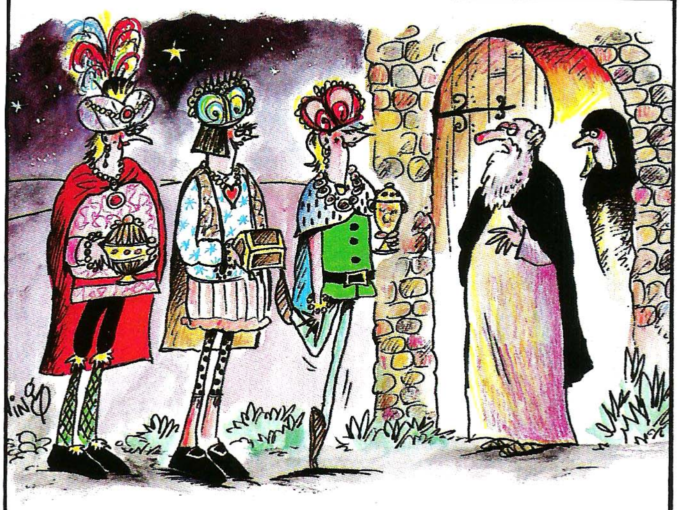
I heard myself moaning "Fuck me, fuck me! Please fuck me — it's so big — your cock's so big." I was still up against the wall, then his hand came away from my cunt and I felt both of his hands on my buttocks, and he was lifting me up and I could feel his thick cock between our bellies. When his knob was level with my cunt I reached down for it, meaning to guide it into me but he roughly brushed my hand aside. He moved one of his hands from my bottom and I heard him grunt as he took all of my weight on one hand, then, holding his cock in his other hand, he ran its knob-end up and down my oozing slit.

I let out a moan of delight as I felt about three inches of his cock slip into me then both of his hands were back under me again, holding me, lifting me. I was almost sobbing as I brought up my legs and thighs and wrapped them round his waist, at the same time putting my arms round his neck and shoulders; my breasts were mashed against his chest. I was nibbling, licking and kissing his neck and face, then I was aware of his chest heaving and suddenly he was grunting: "Now, you bitch — now," and with one savage thrust of his massive black buttocks he rammed his huge cock all the way into me. I screamed out loud in a mixture of pain and shock and my nails dug deep into his shoulders — I just felt full of cock — I could feel nothing else — I was scared of its bulk and how deep it was in me.

And then he started to fuck me and in seconds I was having an orgasm; I was coming as I had never come in all my life before, and I must have been very near to fainting as the sheer immensity of my orgasm shook me from head to toe. I remember that my head was banging against the wall, that tears of pain and joy were running down my cheeks and that my mouth was wide open and loose in my passion. And all the time he just kept on fucking me and I just kept on coming and coming. At one point I remember becoming aware of his massive balls slapping against my bottom then, after what seemed an eternity, I sensed that his hands were gripping me even tighter and tighter and that the piston-like strokes of his cock were getting faster and faster. I could feel his cock getting even thicker in my cunt and then he was crying out and I can remember seeing the veins in his bull neck throbbing under his skin. He was grunting and gasping for breath and his hands were digging so deeply into my buttocks that I moaned in agony.



". . . Jesus Christ? Mmm. not bad — but I rather liked the sound of 'Bruce Springsteen'."



"No offence, but we were expecting three Kings!"

"I knew that my breasts were heaving and swollen and that my nipples were aching, hard and throbbing."

Just for a moment he was motionless and then he rammed his cock so fiercely into my cunt and so deeply that I just screamed and screamed as I raked his back with my nails. He was coming in me over and over again — six, eight maybe ten or twelve times he jetted his spunk into my cunt.

Then he was still except for his chest heaving as he gulped huge breaths of air into my lungs. I was moaning and quietly sobbing, then I felt his cock slip out of my cunt and he stood back, but as he did so I felt my knees buckling under me, and I would have fallen to the floor if he hadn't suddenly reached out and grabbed me. I just leaned against him, almost in half faint — I knew my breasts were heaving and swollen and that my nipples were aching, hard and throbbing and my cunt felt on fire. I was kissing him gently on his neck and cheeks and I brushed my lips across his own. I was whispering to him almost moaning: "Never like that for me ever before — so big and hard and thick!"

He was still half hard and I reached down to hold his cock — it was wet with his own spunk and my cunt juices. I slowly slid down his body, kissing and nibbling at his chest and belly as I went lower till I was on my knees before him. I held his gorgeous cock in my two hands. A thick blob of spunk was just oozing out of the little eye of his cock. I smil-

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HEARING AID

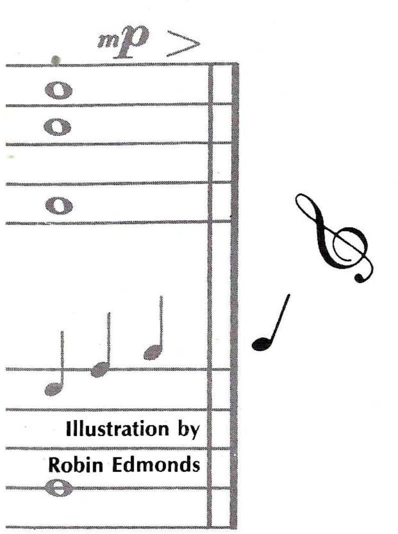


Illustration by Robin Edmonds

David Langford, a lovely writer, contributes one of his rare, but always welcome pieces of fiction . . .

It was one of those parties where the decor was very expensive and very sparse, and the drinks likewise. Anderson studied his thimbleful of terrifyingly high-class sherry, and had a wistful vision of a large tumbler of Algerian plonk — a large tumbler of practically anything, for that matter. Of course one should not be dwelling on the alcohol famine, one should be making witty conversation: only Anderson found himself cut off from conversation by the probably musical noises coming from speakers in each corner of the room. He'd heard of the 'cocktail party effect' whereby you could unerringly pick up a single voice from amid twenty-seven others (he'd counted, three times), but for him it never seemed to work. Perhaps it was something you hired people to teach you when you had the necessary style, flair or connections to be invited to parties like this more often than a token once a year.

The host was doing things at an intricate console which seemed wasted on a mere hi-fi system; it was so obviously capable of running vast automated factories, with possibly a sideline in tax avoidance. A different and louder sound of probable music drifted over the chattering crowd. Anderson made a face, knocked back his homeopathic dose of sherry, and realized this had been a tactical error since there would be nowhere to put down the glass until another tray of drinks came by — if one ever did. Worse, Nigel had abandoned the console and was moving towards him with the manner of a snake converging on a rabbit.

''Hel-lo, Colin . . . what do you think of the music?''

Anderson didn't think anything at all of the music. Music was simply music, a kind of sonic fog which made conversation difficult or even dangerous. Audibility now down to eighteen inches . . . speak only along the central lane of the motorway and make lots of hand signals. Music, bloody music.

''Technically interesting,'' he said cautiously.

Nigel Winter moved a little closer and twinkled at Anderson with the confidence of one whose shirt would never become limp and vaguely humid like that of his audience. ''So *tuneful,* isn't it,'' he said with a smile.

''Oh yes. It makes me want to take all my clothes off and do the rhumba,'' said Anderson without conviction.

''Ah, but seriously, don't you think there's a Mozartian flavour there?''

''Pretty damn Mozartian, yes . . .'' He knew it was a mistake before he'd finished saying it.

''Caught you there! You weren't *listening* — hear it now? It's what they call stochastic music, random notes . . . very experimental. The composer simply conceptualizes his starting figures for the random-number generators. Intellectually it's all tremendously absorbing; but I'm afraid I was pulling your leg a teensy bit about Mozart. You just weren't trying to *listen* were you?''

Anderson thought fleetingly of his days at Oxford, when people like Nigel could with a certain legitimacy be divested of their trousers and placed in some convenient river. ''Ha ha,'' he said. ''Music's not really my thing,'' he said. ''Why, before I met you I used to think pianissimo was a rude word in Italian.''

Nigel pulled the unfair trick of becoming suddenly and offensively serious. ''I do think that's a terrible thing to say.''

A fume from the sherry — there hadn't been enough to make it fumes in the plural — coiled about Anderson's brain and lovingly urged him to say, *''Go to hell, you loathsome little person''*. ''You must remember I'm tone-deaf,'' he said, falling back on his final line of defence. ''Unless the pitch is different enough, I mean really different, I can't tell one note from another.''

> *''As a small measure of revenge, and because there was still nowhere to deposit it, he put the glass in his pocket . . .''*

(He could remember a time when this fact had seemed a rock-solid defence. ''Come sir, why do you not appreciate da Vinci's great masterpiece?'' ''Well, actually, I'm blind.'' ''Oh my God, I didn't know, I'm so sorry, please do forgive me —'' somehow the revelation of tone-deafness never produced quite this reaction. Instead —)

''Oh, that's just an excuse,'' said Nigel. ''I'm sure you really aren't . . . I've read how true tone-deafness is *extremely* rare, and most people who say they've got it are simply musically illiterate. You're not *trying,* that's all. You really should make an effort.''

''How much effort do I have to put in before I appreciate a team of monkeys playing pianos, or whatever you said *this* godawful noise is?''

Nigel sniffed. ''Really, Colin, one has to master traditional music before one can expect to follow conceptual works which reject its conventions. Now do promise me you'll *try.*''

Rather to his horror, Anderson heard himself mumble something that sounded hideously like acquiescence. Then Nigel was gone, off to adjust the noise machine further, and Anderson was left peering suspiciously at his tiny, empty glass. As a small measure of revenge, and because there was still nowhere to deposit it, he put the glass in his pocket before leaving.

''What brought you to us?'' asked the white-coated man, suddenly and treacherously forcing quantities of ice-cold goo into Anderson's left ear.

''I saw the small ad in the *Times,*'' he said. ''Ouch.''

''There, it doesn't hurt a bit, does it?'' said the man from Computer Audio Services, kneading the stuff with his fingertips until Anderson felt his eardrum was pressing alarmingly against his brain. ''Ouch,'' he agreed.

''Just a moment while it hardens,'' the man said chattily. ''I'm so glad when people aren't ashamed of coming to CAS. After all, the world's so complicated today that busy men like yourself just can't take time out to learn little things like musical appreciation . . . That's what I always say,'' he added with the epigrammatic air of a man who always said it.

''I'm tone-deaf,'' Anderson said.

''Oh quite. There's no need for excuses with us, Mr Anderson. *We* understand.''

''But I *am* tone-deaf.''

''Of course . . . Now this isn't going to hurt a bit.'' For the next several seconds Anderson enjoyed the sensation of having his ear cleared of blockages with a rubber suction-plunger. Blockages such as eardrums, he thought. At last the mould was out, and the CAS technician summoned a flunky to carry it away.

''There. It'll be cured, machined, drilled, tapped and ready in fifteen minutes. Now I think you'd decided to try our Analyzer aid . . . our cheapest model,'' he said reproachfully.

''The cheapest model,'' Anderson said with rather more enthusiasm.

''But I expect that in no time at all you'll want to trade it in for our Scholar, with fifty times the memory storage at less than twice the price. You could be ready to cope with *fifty* composers and not just one —''

''The Analyzer,'' Anderson said inexorably.

''Well, of course it's your decision. Now which composer dataset would you prefer? With the Analyzer, of course, you can only have one.''

Anderson contemplated the bandaged finger which he'd cut on some broken glass in his pocket. He massaged it gently and said, ''Mozart.''

''Oh, a very good choice, sir. What was the name again?''

Anderson told him again, and wonders of technology were duly set into motion. The result was a transparent ear-mould with the thumbnail-sized bulge of the Analyzer protruding; there was also a discreet invoice which made his credit card seem ready to wilt Dali-fashion as he passed it over.

''The battery is extra, sir. Would you be wanting a battery?''

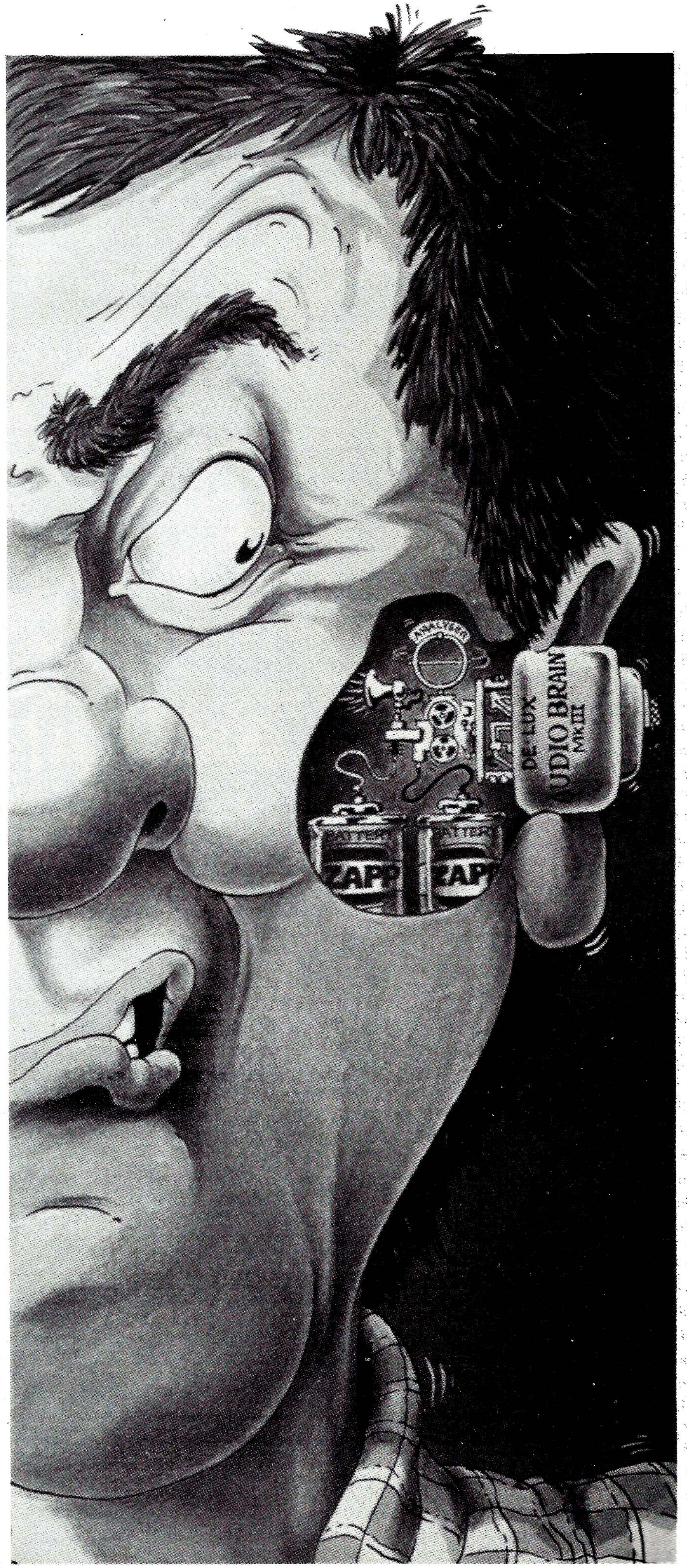
''On the whole, yes.''

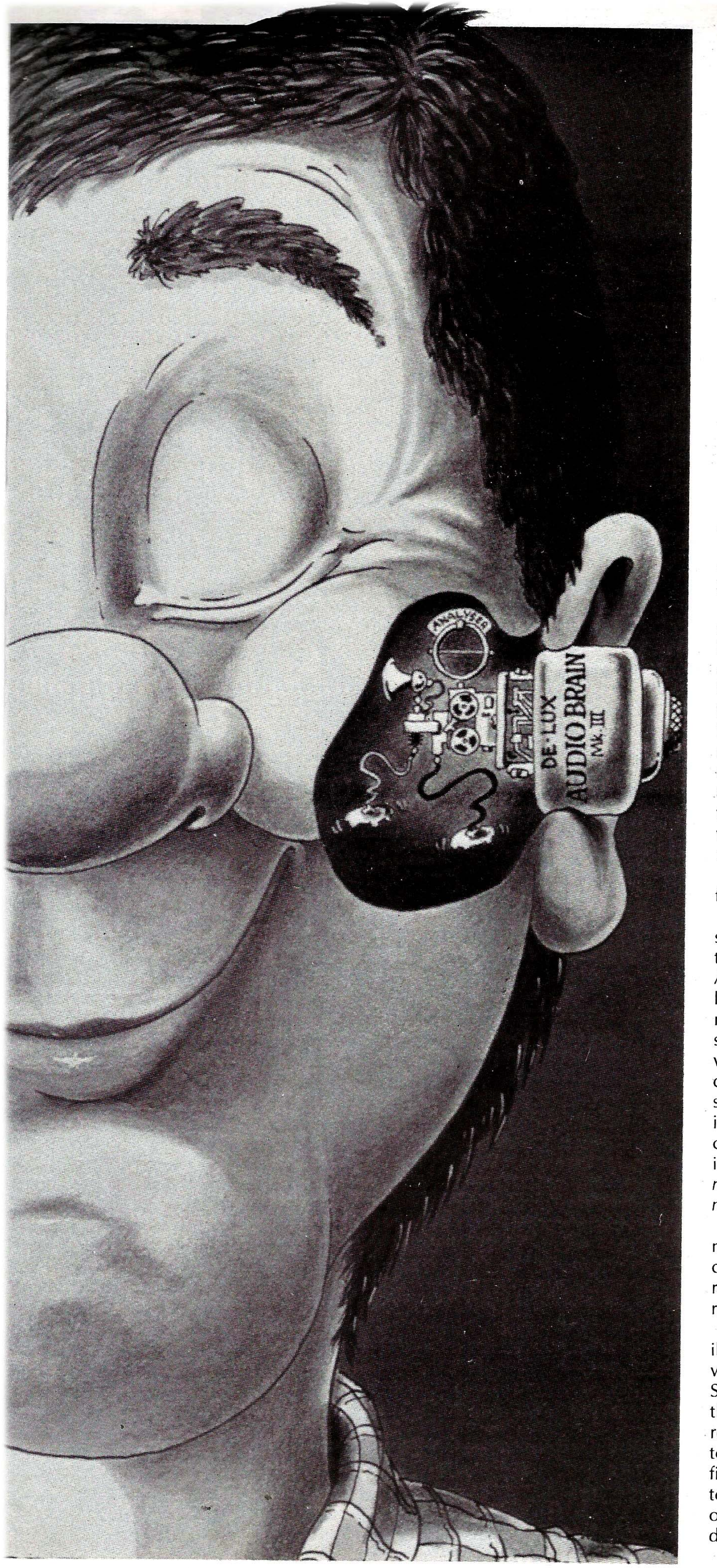
''Then if you'll sign *here* . . . Thank you so much. I'm sure you'll find your computer aid a real social help, and something which a busy person like you needn't be in the slightest ashamed of using.''

''A tone-deaf person like me.''

''Of course.''

After playing for an afternoon with his new toy Anderson felt himself rather well




ANALYZER
DE-LUX AUDIO BRAIN MK. III

HEARING AID

Continued from previous page

up on music and Mozart, rather as his first day with a pocket calculator had given him the air of an expert on the theory of numbers. In the evening he paid a call.

"Hello — just thought I'd drop in to say Thanks for the party."

"Why, how charmingly old-fashioned of you, Colin. Do come in and have a quick one. I really don't know *why* I throw these parties; one loses so much glassware. I'll only be a second, now." And Nigel vanished, presumably to manipulate the combination lock on his secret drinks cupboard.

The room's trendy bareness seemed to shout at Anderson now that it was emphasized by the lack of crowd. He wandered to the intricate hi-fi console and allowed himself to be discovered peering at it.

"Oh! Did you want to hear some *music*?"

"I was just thinking I'd probably . . . appreciate it more without all those people shouting their heads off."

"Well, well." Nigel looked at him with eyes slightly narrowed, and then turned to the smart brushed-aluminium console. Anderson noted that the drinks provided for single callers weren't any bigger than those at vast parties — but was he imagining it, or did this sherry taste slightly more, as it were, British than last Saturday's offering? He longed to sniff Nigel's glass and compare; but already the sound of what might very well have been music was spilling from each corner of the room.

"Now what d'you think of this delightful tune," said Nigel with a false smile.

Anderson cupped his ear at the nearest speaker with the gesture he'd been practising, and flipped a fingernail at the Analyzer nestling there. The noise was like a small gunshot; he suppressed the resulting wince before it reached the outside world. "Interesting," he said with what he hoped was an air of deep concentration. Nigel watched him, faintly smiling. Then after a moment, a mechanical version of the still small voice of conscience whispered in Anderson's ear, saying: *"Random notes, 87% probability — random notes, 92% probability — random notes, 95% probability . . ."*

"Oh, this is more of your stochastic music," Anderson murmured. "Now I can listen to it properly I can see it's just random notes. I mean, I can hear it's random."

Nigel's smile became at once more visible and less convincing. "Of course that was rather obvious, after our little chat on Saturday," he said, and fiddled again with the controls. "Let's have something of the real thing." The speaker noises changed to something quite definitely though indefinably different, and Nigel turned again towards his guest like a restaurant waiter offering a selection of red herrings. "What d'you think of that?"

Anderson consulted the Analyzer, and after a short pause came back with, "Come on, Nigel, pull the other one. It's random again, isn't it? Only this time it's the change in pitch between successive notes that gets randomized over a certain interval, so it sounds that little bit more musical than just random notes."

"Can't fool you," said Nigel, hardly smiling at all. "Anything *you'd* like to hear?"

"I've been listening to a few things by the chap you recommended — Mozart. Not bad."

"My God. I recommended him? I must have been really pissed. Still, there should be something of his in the databank . . ." He turned back towards the console keyboard.

A minute or two later Anderson was able to say with quiet confidence, "Ah, yes, that's the K.169 string quartet, isn't it?" Following an irresistible urge, he breathed gently over his fingernails and polished them on the lapel of his jacket. Half-heartedly his host caused the equipment to play further noises which the Analyzer rapidly identified as the Serenade in D Major, adding the useful information that it had been composed in Salzburg. Nigel seemed a little shaken by this onslaught, and was breathing more heavily as he returned to the console.

"Not recognized," said the small voice. *"Transition probability analysis suggests Mozart work, 82% probability . . ."*

"That's Mozart all right," said Anderson, thinking fast. "But hardly one of his best pieces . . . in fact I must admit I don't recognize it at all."

"Er, yes, just an obscure oboe quartet I thought might amuse you. H'm." A thought appeared to have struck Nigel, and he punched another sequence on the keyboard — savagely, as though squashing small insects.

"Not recognized. Transition probability analysis suggests not Mozart work, 79% probability . . ."

"You've got the wrong composer, old chap."

"It's so easy to make mistakes with equipment as sophisticated as this," Nigel said viciously. "I'll have to throw you out soon — I'm meeting someone tonight — but first, what d'you think of this one?"

The lights on the hi-fi console flickered alarmingly for nearly a minute; Anderson fantasized that Nigel's expensive gadgetry, like Nigel, was baffled and irritated. Then more musical noises seeped through the room. Anderson cupped his ear attentively, and clicked his fingernail again at what was hidden inside. There was a pause.

"Not recognized. Transition probability analysis suggests Mozart work, 94% probability."

The transition probability jargon was something to do with sequences of notes favoured by given composers. In the long run they left their fingerprints all over their work so obviously that even a machine could catch them red-handed.

"Ah, you can't mistake Mozart," Anderson sighed, wondering if he was overdoing it a trifle. "Even in a minor work like this — no, I don't actually recognize it — the towering genius of the man comes across so clearly." He definitely was overdoing it, he decided.

Nigel seemed to have brightened surprisingly. "This really is a *very* sophisticated system, you know. I'm rather proud of it. One thing you can do with it, if you know how, is to have the processor run through a selection of someone's works and cobble up a sort of cheap and nasty imitation — something to do with transition probabilities, it says in the manual. Of course you couldn't expect it to fool anyone who knew anything about music . . . But I'll have to say goodbye now. Do come round again whenever you like. It's nice to see you making an effort, musically, but you really will have to try much harder yet. Old chap."

> ***"Anderson reflected for a moment, and then leaned forward with what he considered to be an expression of great shrewdness."***

Anderson looked down into his empty glass and thought of thrusting it into his pocket quickly, or perhaps up Nigel's nostril, slowly.

"It's very kind of you," he said with a titanic effort.

The CAS salesman studied him wisely. "Now if you cared to exchange it for the Scholar model we could in fact allow quite a generous trade-in price, Mr Anderson."

"And then I suppose I'd have a wonderful machine that could fail to spot imitations of fifty composers rather than just one?"

"Our clients usually find the Scholar very satisfactory," the other said severely.

"So will I — if it can tell inspired music from cobbled-together computer rubbish, the way this one doesn't."

The salesman sighed. "To handle that would need a full-scale Artificial Intelligence. CAS isn't in that business . . . yet. Now if you come back next year, when we hope to have chased out the last bugs, then perhaps we can sell you our Mark III model — the AudioBrain."

Anderson reflected for a moment, and then leant forward with what he considered to be an expression of great shrewdness. He'd practised it in the mirror for use on Nigel. "If you're likely to market it next year there must be prototypes around the place right now. In fact you must be market-researching the thing already. It wouldn't hurt to let me try one out a little for you."

Licking his lips, the CAS man murmured that it could be, well, rather irregular, but . . . Anderson reached for his wallet.

"How am I doing, Nigel?" he asked confidently, back in the bare, expensively-carpeted room.

"Not bad," Nigel muttered. "You must be trying a bit harder than you were — I told you understanding music was mainly a matter of *trying*. How does this sound to you?"

One of Anderson's ears took in the new meaningless noises that were tinkling from all four corners of the pastel room. In his other ear, the AudioBrain prototype whispered to him: *"Sounds like Bach, I should say . . . but that's just the TP analysis. As a whole it's hardly an inspired piece, and the long-term melodic structure is absolutely shot to hell. No, it has to be another faked-up computer piece . . ."*

"Synthetic Bach," Anderson said casually. "Come on, Nigel, no need to keep on pulling my leg like that."

Nigel looked thoroughly annoyed. Possibly to conceal this and reduce Anderson's satisfaction temporarily, he took the tiny glasses away for replenishment from the hundred-gallon plastic tank of British Sherry which Anderson was now convinced existed somewhere towards the rear of the flat.

Despite having defeated Nigel in umpteen straight sets of hard-fought musical appreciation, Anderson still didn't feel wildly happy. It might have been that he was tiring of the game; it might have been the artificial-intelligence program built into this new hearing aid, which was now saying: *"You should be able to tell this for yourself, dumbo. Only a real musical illiterate could miss spotting that one . . . you're not trying, that's all. You really should make an effort."*

"But I'm tone-deaf," Anderson said aloud.

"That's what they all say," said the AudioBrain. *"Come off it!"*

Thus it was that as Nigel returned, Anderson was addressing the empty air and saying, "Go to hell, you loathsome little person."

It was another of those parties whose expensive minimalism extended to the furniture, the pictures on the walls and (inevitably) the drinks.

"Hello Nigel, long time no see," said Anderson.

"Um. How's the culture, then? Still working to better yourself on the musical front?"

"Pardon?"

"I said, are you still slogging away at the musical appreciation?"

"Pardon? — Oh, that. No, I find I can't handle music any more. I'm going deaf — and not just tone-deaf." He pushed back his hair and tapped the thing plugged into his ear.

"Oh my God, I didn't know, I'm so sorry . . ."

Anderson had decided he liked the AudioBrain a good deal more with its battery removed.

Continued from page 76.

Penpower

ed up at him then stuck out my tongue and licked and sucked it into my mouth. Immediately I saw his cock start to throb and thicken, and I almost broke my jaws trying to take his knob into my mouth. I was aware of him breathing deeply again and of his whole body stiffening — in a moment he grabbed my head, pushing his stiffening cock deeper into my mouth, at the same time grasping and mauling my tits with his other hand. He was grunting at me harshly: "You white whore — you big titted whitey whore — you fucking whitey cow."

> "I was leaning against him, my shaking legs barely holding me up. I pressed closer to him . . ."

He pulled me to my feet and I was holding the hard, hot throbbing shaft of his cock. His fingers were in my cunt again and I could hear the slurping sound his fingers made as he slid them in and out of the oozing goo of my twat. I was leaning against him, my shaking legs barely holding me up. I pressed closer to him feeling the huge length of his cock between our bellies. He leaned forward, his thick lips seeking and finding my nipples as he sucked first one nipple then the other deep into his mouth. There was a table a few feet away and he guided me backwards towards it, then suddenly he scooped me up in his arms and spread me out across the top of the table.

My cunt was aching for his cock again and I was moaning again just as I had done before: "Oh . . . fuck me . . . fuck me . . . please fuck me . . . now . . . Oh . . . please . . ." I gasped as he tucked my legs under his arms and I reached down to find and grasp the hard throbbing shaft of his cock, guiding it towards my gaping oozing cunt. Even though my twat was soaking I still cried out in pain as his massive knob pierced my gaping hole and I could feel my pussy lips stretch as inch by solid inch he fed me his giant cock.

Then for the very first time he smiled down at me. I reached out and grasped the edges of the table in my hands, then smiling back up at him I brought my legs up and as far round his back as they would go. He bent and kissed my nipples then his lips were on mine. I opened my mouth taking his tongue deep between my moist lips. He moved his cock slowly and I kissed him softly. He stroked his cock slowly, pulling it out almost to the tip then just as slowly easing it all the way back in me again. I was moaning now and he was still kissing me, then he was whispering; "The beautiful Mrs. Lees — beautiful body, beautiful breasts, beautiful cunt."

I smiled up at him. "And fucked by a big, black, thick beautiful cock." Then he started to fuck me and the smile was gone from his face to be replaced almost by a look of cruelty and hate and lust. He just rammed his well-greased cock in and out of my sopping cunt, each thrust getting him in deeper. I could feel myself being driven back across the table top at each thrust of his cock and he kept pulling me back hard onto his thrusting prick. I was aware of my breasts jiggling and bouncing each time his hips thudded against my arse. I was coming almost continually as he just kept on ramming his cock into me, deeper and deeper, faster and faster. He was gulping air into his lungs now and he had my arse off the desk and I was screaming now in orgasm and then he was coming in me again, his cock swollen huge in my cunt and then he was filling me with his hot thick sticky come. He pumped me full of it for ages and ages and I was thrashing beneath him crying out my happeness. He was hard in me for so long I just lay moaning in my joy as I felt his sperm trickling out of my cunt and down my thighs.

His cock finally slid out of me and he pulled me down beside him. We lay on a large thick wool pile rug. We laughed and joked and kissed and again he made wonderful love to me. By now of course it was "Pam" and "John." He stayed with me all night and we made love once more before dawn. The next night he arranged for Tom to be moved to another cell — a clean, comfortable cell with good regular meals. Meanwhile my Chief Superintendent was coming to visit me every night and every night he fucked me several times.

Finally, about a fortnight later, Tom was released. The Chief had even arranged that for appearance's sake a small fine should be paid. On the last night before we left for Britain I made an excuse to Tom that I wanted to visit one or two friends. Instead, of course, I went to see my Chief just to say "Thank You." He didn't let me down.

> "I was aware of my breasts jiggling and bouncing each time his hips thudded against my arse . . ."

During the past few years I have often thought of my black Chief. My marriage to Tom still meanders on and in the meantime I have had many lovers. Because of the happiness I found with John most of my lovers have been black, some of whom to my great surprise and delight have had even bigger and, dare I say it, even better cocks than his. Maybe, if you print this confession, you would like to hear of some of them. In which case I would be happy to tell you of them. *(Yes please! — Ed.)*

When I started this confession I said that events of the past few weeks had brought it all back. Well, just over a month ago I saw a little notice in a paper to say that Police Chiefs from various African countries were visiting Britain to discuss Security problems. One of the names was John Ibekwe.

I am just back from ten lovely nights spent with him in his suite at a London hotel. Need I say more.— *Pam, Cleveland.*

WRITE YOURSELF A CHEQUE FOR £50!

A Message From Your Editor . . .

Pardon? Oh, there you are . . . Look here, you lot are starting to repeat yourselves. One chap writes in about seeing his wife being mauled by the milkman. The minute we publish it we get dozens of letters about wives being bonked by tradespersons. Some lady tells us of her Sahara Pipeline exploits (laid by 500 men in six weeks) and suddenly we get carbon copies by the sackful. Lack of imagination, I call it. Perhaps you need some encouragement . . .

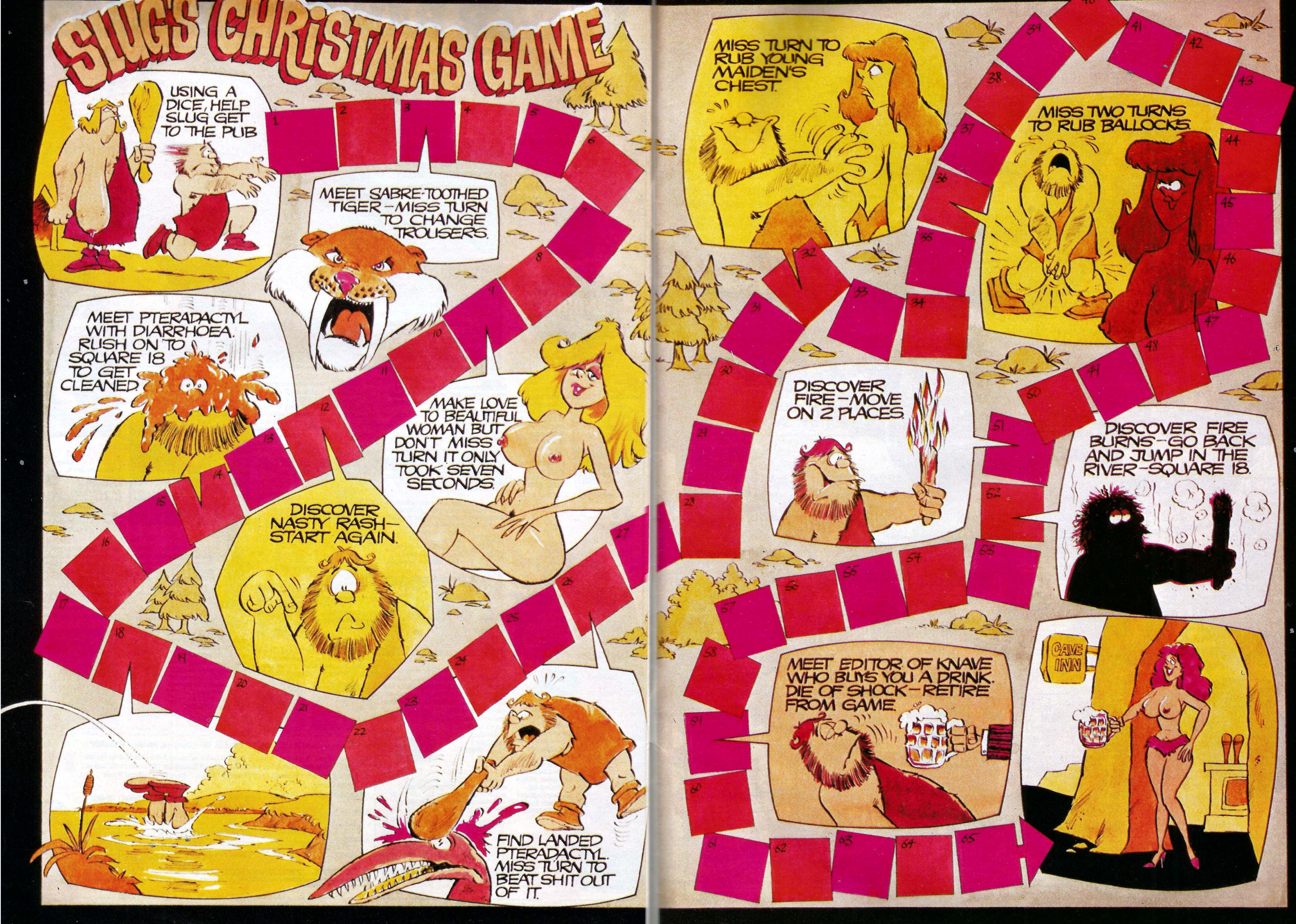
£5 or a Knave Sweatshirt for every letter published, and £50 for the best letter each month — on any subject!

So, come along and pull the old finger out. Your best chance of getting a letter published is by being original, tell us what you think about our interviews and articles — as well as our models. Tell us what interests you, who we should be interviewing, what we should be writing about. Whose pictures would you like to see again? How could we improve Knave from your point of view? What do you fancy in the 3.30? Are the pubs open yet? Ah, I see they are! Well, must dash — look forward to hearing from you all soon . . .

Ian Pemble

PS. If you're shy you may still get the pleasure of seeing your words in print. However, if you'd like to win your prize, it might be a good idea to put your name and address at the top of your letter. We won't publish it, we promise. But how else can we send you your fiver? Or your fifty quid? Just a thought . . .

SLUG'S CHRISTMAS GAME


USING A DICE, HELP SLUG GET TO THE PUB
MEET SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER – MISS TURN TO CHANGE TROUSERS.
MEET PTERADACTYL WITH DIARRHOEA. RUSH ON TO SQUARE 18 TO GET CLEANED.
MAKE LOVE TO BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BUT DON'T MISS TURN IT ONLY TOOK SEVEN SECONDS.
DISCOVER NASTY RASH – START AGAIN.
FIND LANDED PTERADACTYL. MISS TURN TO BEAT SHIT OUT OF IT.
MISS TURN TO RUB YOUNG MAIDEN'S CHEST.
MISS TWO TURNS TO RUB BALLOCKS.
DISCOVER FIRE – MOVE ON 2 PLACES.
DISCOVER FIRE BURNS – GO BACK AND JUMP IN THE RIVER – SQUARE 18.
MEET EDITOR OF KNAVE WHO BUYS YOU A DRINK. DIE OF SHOCK – RETIRE FROM GAME.
CAVE INN

Porn Cocktail

There's Hollywood. . .
and then again there's the porno business;
from softcore to video filthies; from stars to bit-part hustlers.
Our Special Co-respondent, *Jim Dawson*, passes on all the very latest gossip. . .

HARRY'S BIG COMEBACK

Harry Reems, the beefy, dark star of 1972's *Deep Throat,* was at one time the king of porn, but in 1976 he retired from the X-rated film business to pursue a straight career as an actor and to escape his notoriety, which at one point landed him in a Tennessee courtroom as part of an obscenity trial against *Deep Throat*.

However, the roles in mainstream films never materialized, and by 1984 Harry's high living — complete with a rented house in posh Malibu — had landed him squarely in debt. He had already made a tentative comeback in a film called *Society Affairs,* but the money he received up front for doing it did not allay the necessity of him declaring bankruptcy late last year. He could not meet his more than $75,000 in debts, he claimed "I am flat broke!"

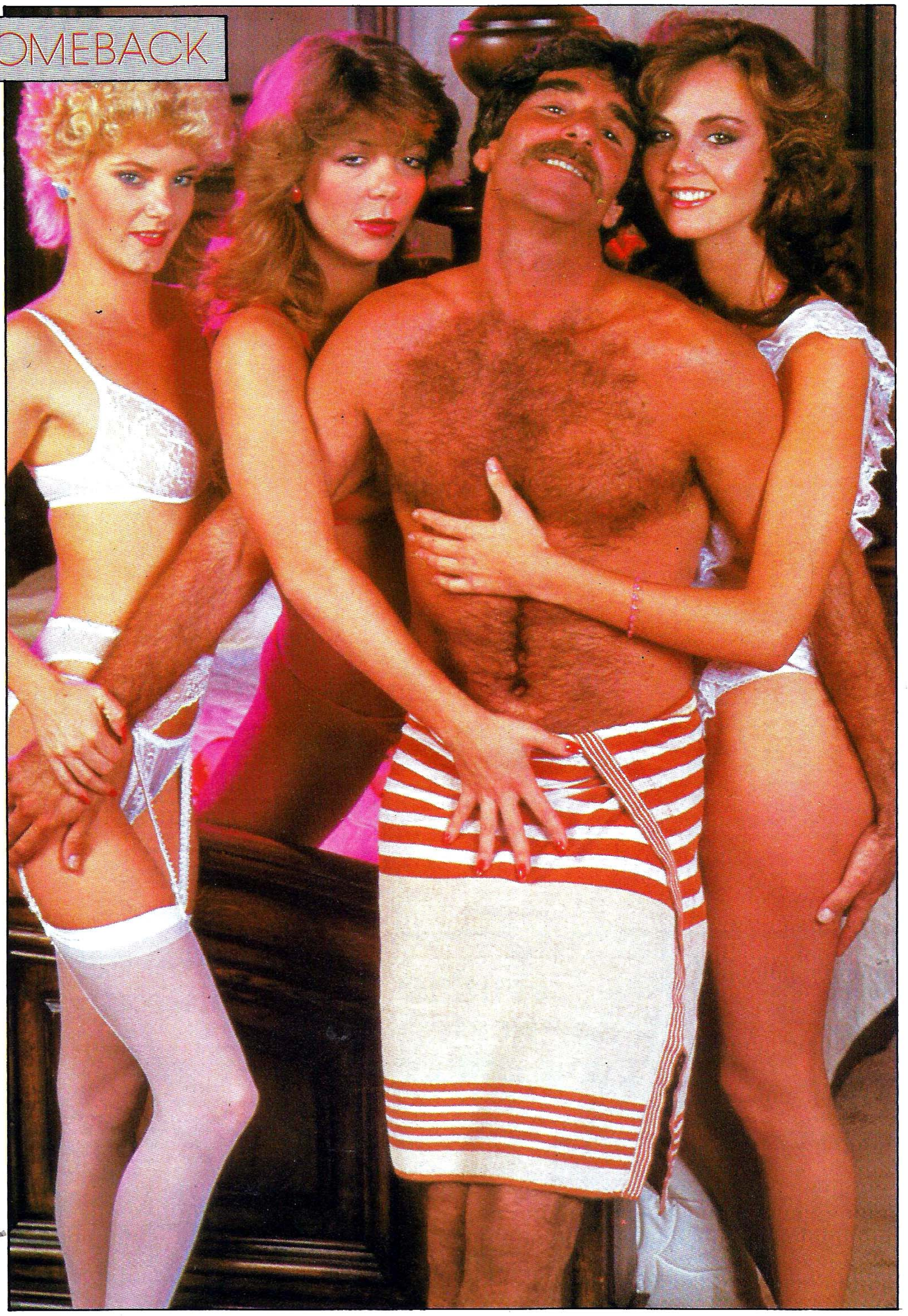
Since then, starting again with a clean financial slate, Harry has suddenly become one of the most ubiquitous studs in porn, with leading roles in *The Grafenberg Spot, Ten Little Maidens* and a dozen other films. And that does not include his prolific video output. "I work now whenever I wish to work," says Harry, "which is pretty often." Breaking out his pocket calendar, he showed that in the month of July he worked a total of 21 days on six different projects.

The years since his *Deep Throat* days appear not to have taken a toll on Harry Reems. Thanks to a regimen of daily workouts, a strict diet, and a moderation in his vices other than sex, Harry looks healthier now than he did in his 20s. A constant sunbather, he keeps himself looking as baked as an Egyptian, which makes him perfect as Semitic characters and high-powered executives. It helps, also, that Harry is a good enough actor to work in Hollywood, much less porn films.

"For years, it was a form of pride that I not do those (X-rated) movies," Harry tells Knave. "I thought that in time I could make a go of it in television. But now I see I was naive. My face was too well known. I was a marked man.

"I'm very spoiled because I've learned to treat myself well and spoil myself. I live well. And one day I had to make a choice: do I want to maintain my style of living and go back into porn, or do I want to step down a notch? I chose porn. I'm not ashamed to tell you, I'm in it strictly for the money!"

For that reason, Reems is cranking out the movies, turning nothing down unless it conflicts with another project. And though he refuses to divulge what he's making, he does admit that, "a smart guy can make over $150,000 a year doing this, easy."



Harry Reems and some extra special X-rated friends.

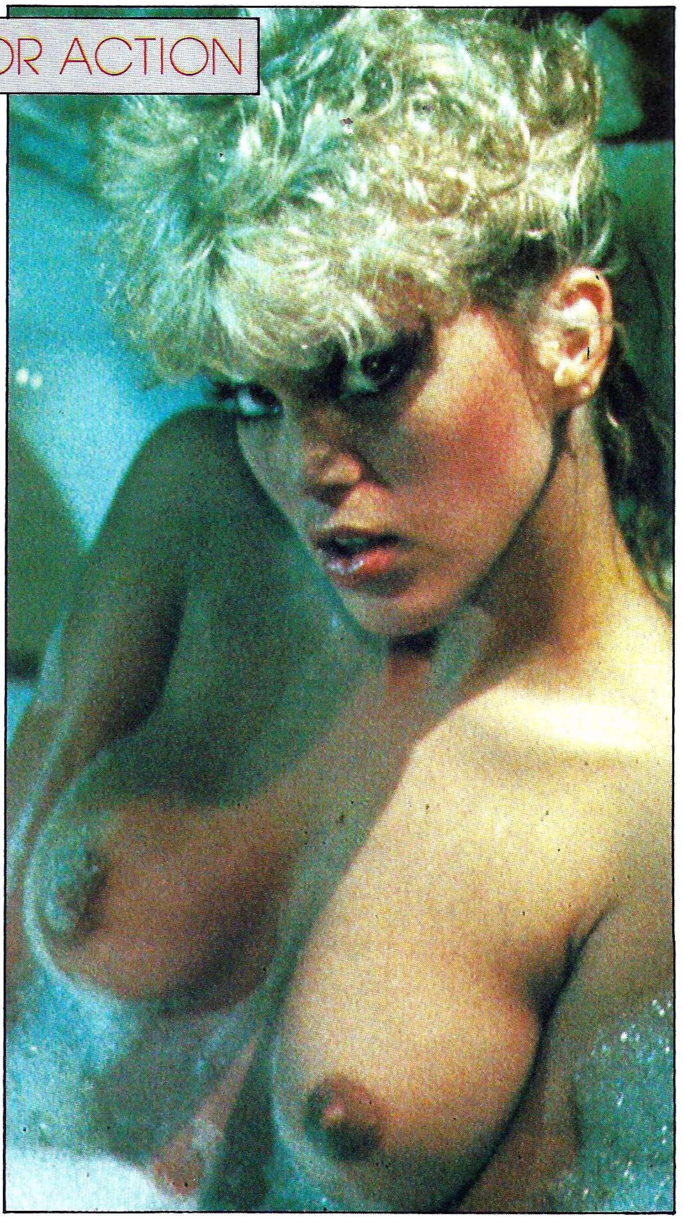
GROOMED FOR ACTION

John Nuzzo, known to porn fans as dirty-talking stud John Leslie, has announced the unmentionable: he's getting married! Who's the girl? A beautiful young starlet? Annette Haven?

No, her name is Kathleen, a Hollywood aerobics trainer who works with several stars, including TV actress Bonnie Franklin. And her only connection with John's work has been her appearance on John's arm at the last several Erotica Awards ceremonies.

Does this mean that John, a nice Catholic Italian boy at heart, will forsake his X-rated hijinks in dozens of films each year? Don't even think that, says his pals, who recently sent him a greetings (photo) when he passed up a starring role in *Ten Little Indians* to vacation for a few weeks with his future bride. By all accounts, the only thing that'll keep Leslie's dick out of legions of porn stars is old age.

Meanwhile, Jamie Gillis has put to rest any rumors that he plans on wedding his year-long live-in girlfriend, Amber Lynn. "It's not so much that I'm against it," he tells Knave. "Amber would never stand for it!"



Amber Lynn (right) — staying young, free and, yes, single.

SIBLINGS YES, SEX NO

In past years there have been a couple of sets of twins — both male and female — who worked together in X-rated movies. Denice and Diana Sloane, for instance, were a sensation several years ago when they starred together with Vanessa Del Rio in *Tigresses.* (Denice later quit the business and found religion.) Then Brooke and Taylor Young were such pretty bookends that two films, *Teenage Twins* and *Double Your Pleasure,* were built around them. In gay films, the Christy twins delighted limp-wristed audiences with their Doppelganger dicks.

Nowadays there aren't any twins in the porn business, but there are two sets of siblings: brother and sister Buck Adams and Amber

Sisters Athena Starr (far left) and Mindy Rae (second left).

PORN COCKTAIL
Continued

Lynn, and sisters Athena Starr and Mindy Rae.

"I would never work with her," busty Minda Rae says of her platinum-haired sister. "That's one taboo with us. We'll do sex with other girls, but not with each other."

When the two appear in the same movie, such as the recent *Hot Merchandise,* the sisters prefer not even to be in non-sexual scenes at the same time. "It's not like rivalry or anything," Mindy explains. "It's just that our mother (who is their agent) doesn't want us to be seen together, even if there's only dialogue."

Likewise, Buck Adams and his sister avoid anything that could be construed as incestuous. Twice they've appeared in orgy scenes together, but as Amber Lynn elaborates, "We stayed with other partners and didn't even look at each other. In *Bordello* we did our sex scenes on separate days from each other."

Amber is known for being kinky, and her longtime romance with sicko Jamie Gillis is evidence of that, but she claims she can't even watch her brother's sex scenes without feeling "kinda funny about it."

Says Buck, "I used to get a big thrill out of seeing my sister naked, but I got over that by the time I was 12. That's when I started spying on all of her girlfriends."

Mindy Rae's special mean look for moody moments (left).

SUBLIMINAL SEX

About 30 years ago, the general public was shocked to discover that advertisers were experimenting with subliminal messages — words and images either hidden in print advertising or flashed on a screen during movies, designed to bypass the critical conscious mind and go straight for the subconscious. Tests showed, for instance, that when the words "Buy Popcorn" were flashed onto a movie screen for about one-twelfth or one-eighth of a second, the sale of popcorn out in the lobby increased. People were outraged that advertisers would be so devious as to try and sneak their sales pitches into unsuspecting minds, so outraged in fact that it became 'common knowledge' that the government had outlawed such despicable practices — even though no law or regulation against subliminal advertising has ever existed in the U.S. (Perhaps the public was tricked into thinking advertisers had been barred from these practices by subliminal messages that said: "Subliminal advertising has been banned!")

In any event, a recent X-rated film called *Raw Talent* has come out with a warning that it contains "subliminal suggestions not visible to the average human eye that may result in a state of extreme sexual arousal." Director Larry Revenue claims he knows nothing about these messages, and producer Joyce Snyder could not be reached for comment.

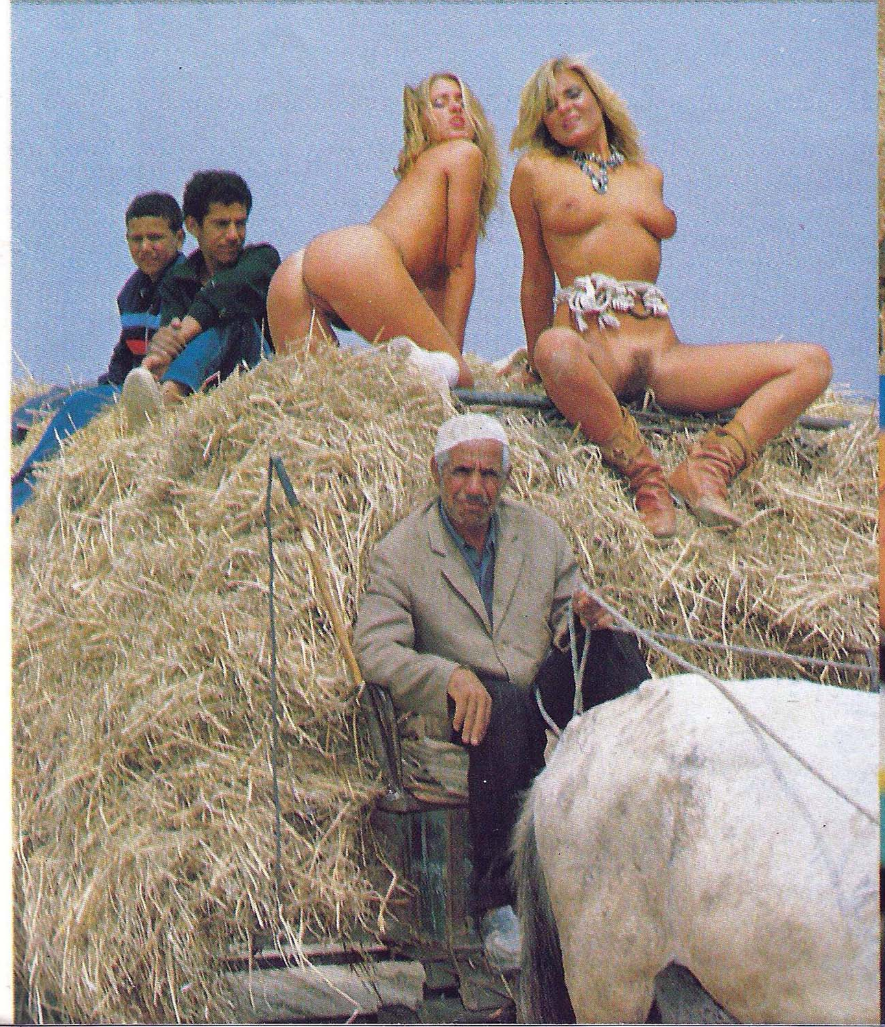
However, during a screening of *Raw Talent,* several magazine critics were able to see the "subliminal messages" without much difficulty. Some were in black and white type, while others were spelled out in colour tiles encased by other colours, much like a colour-blind test that can be read only by people who can see the entire colour spectrum. One read: "Eat My Pussy". Another flashed: "Fellatio". Considering that 35mm film has 24 frames per second, *Raw Talent's* 'hidden' suggestions were at least eight to ten frames in length — or about one-third or more of a second, which is hardly subliminal. But obviously the filmmakers weren't interested in unconscious messages; otherwise they wouldn't have advertised their presence.

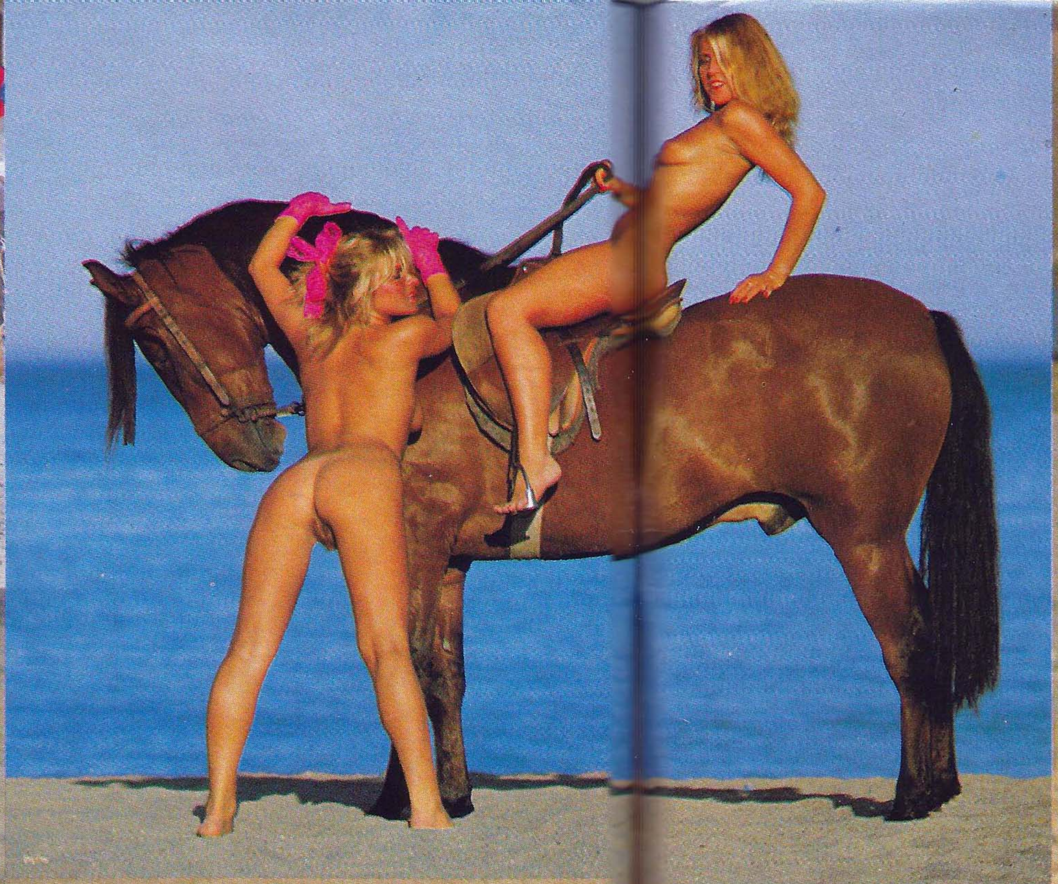
One thing that many critics did agree on: *Raw Talent's* subliminal messages should have been much shorter and should have said things like: 'This is really a hot picture!' Perhaps there actually were such messages hiding between the more obvious ones, but if so, their intent to create "extreme sexual arousal" didn't work.

Cassandra Leigh (left) in the controversial Raw Talent.

Hildegard and Hildebrand

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOACHIM STEIN





Bearing in mind the general Christmas jollity, which with you are almost certainly fed up already, we resisted the temptation to call this 'Donna & Blitzen'. Wince!

AMSTRAD Tower Systems
Stereo Record Player
STEREO TOWER
Stereo Amplifier
Stereo Tuner
Stereo Cassette Deck
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Model TS55 (Pictured). Available for around **£149** from: Allders, Bridgers. Curry's, Clydesdale, Comet, Dixons, Greens, Rumbelows, Wigfalls, Woolworth, E.M.E.B., NORWEB, and other good electrical stores.

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